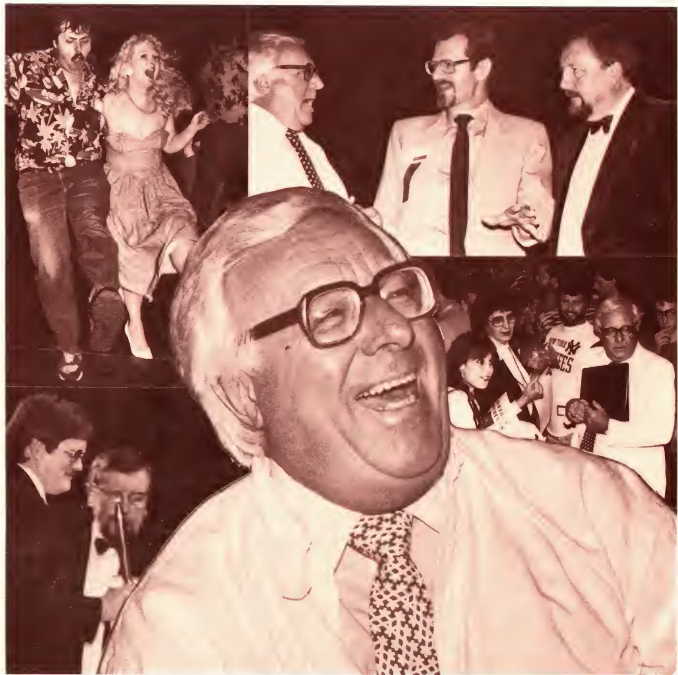


Fantasy Review

No. 94

\$3.50

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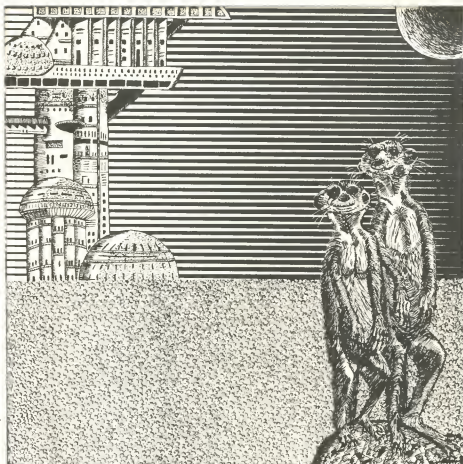
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ARTWORK: Cover: Worldcon Photo Collage by JANE JEWELL (center, Ray Bradbury; clockwise from bottom left: Orson Scott Card accepting Hugo; Craig Shaw Gardner & Tess Kissinger at Baen Books Ball; Bradbury greeting fellow GCH's Terry Carr, Bob Shaw; Bradbury mobbed by autograph hunters; this page, RON LEMING; page 4, WALTER STOROSUK; page 33, BETTY HEISER; page 43, KEVIN FARRELL.

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THIS resurrection is a real high, friends! Unless something goes wrong at the printer's, what you hold in your hands is the fattest, slickest regular issue you've ever received from FR, and it's only a token of things to come!

With our new laser typesetter waiting in the wings (we have to learn how to run it!), next month should bring a marked improvement in appearance, with neater, easier to read type and fresh design and format. We have a host of features on tap for you, plus all our regular columnists, and beginning next month we'll expand our coverage of the fantastic to include all media forms as well as literary ones. Matthew Costello, who regularly covers gaming for *Analog*, will be bringing you monthly round-ups of the latest in film, videotape, cassettes and electronic games.

Meanwhile, we have to make up for two years of fighting inflation with bargain basement prices, and put FR back on a sound financial basis. So we're raising our rates. The cover price at bookstores will go to \$3.50 with this issue. One year, twelve issue subscriptions by second class mail (U.S. and Canada) will rise to \$27.95, a yearly saving of \$14, or 33 1/3 percent off the cover price. To compensate for rising postage costs, overseas customers will add \$15 to the base price, and U.S. customers who want their copies sent first class will also need to add \$15. For airmail overseas customers, the situation is perilous: we've been subsidizing these subscriptions, but we just can't do it any more. Airmail to Europe costs 44 cents per half ounce at present, and with the average copy of FR (with envelope) weighing in at 7 ounces, that's more than 6 dollars a copy, so the privileged few in Europe and Asia will need to send us another \$80 to cover air delivery.

Do I hear a chorus of gasps out there? No doubt that seems steep at first, but it's actually a matter of sound investment. We can't bring you all the features you want if we're losing money and can't pay for them. The increase in rates will bring you a much better magazine in just a very short time. Since our fans are largely dedicated readers, who need or want FR to support a somewhat elitist taste in entertainment (in terms of mass popularity, reading is certainly at the bottom of the list of contemporary spectator sports in America), we don't believe we'll scare you away. We mean, pretty simply, to pay you back for your loyalty by being the best information resource in the field, and that without further ado!

IN this issue, for example, we cover Atlanta's Worldcon from three angles—that of the two hosts for the Science Fiction Writers of America Hospitality Suite (they spent most of the time celebrity watching)—that of a Big Name Fan, Jane Jewell, who saw all the main events and also took the pictures for us — and finally that of historian Sam Moskowitz, a Pilgrim Award winner and author of numerous critical biogra-

Up, Up, and Away!



phies and histories of the science fiction movement, who gives us a feature on Ray Bradbury's appearance there.

In this issue, we also introduce you to a critical "no-man's-land," the labyrinthine process of defining your terms. From Gary K. Wolfe's new glossary of such terms, all historically derived from their use in the discussion of fantasy and science fiction, we have selected some of the most apparently obvious (but their history will surprise you) and some of the most obscure. We do this partly to convince you that you need Wolfe's book, of course. But we also expect Wolfe will generate some controversy.

If you're a horror fan, you'll want to watch carefully for the works of Roger Anker's "Unholy Trio": Steve Rasnic Tem, Al Sarrantonio, and Craig Shaw Gardner. Back in his bookstore days, Craig was a Contributing Editor for FR, but he's since gone straight, with excellent results for horror readers. We've published Tem's poetry (which is really bizarre) but his fiction is packing a steadily increasing wallop these days.

Also in this issue, Ramsey Campbell returns with his selection of the ten best horror films. And the second installment of Underwood-Miller's ten-year success story appears (at last) as promised. But, of course, there are never enough pages to catch up with the current supply of goodies in the outback.

SO let us hint at some of the pleasures we have in store for you before the end of this year. Jack Chalcker, who begins a new series this month on Arkham House, the prosperous granddaddy of all small presses, will interrupt it next month for a long bullish report on small press prospects, gleaned at the

Atlanta Worldcon (yes, the old bear has changed his coat!). Contributing Editor Douglas E. Winter returns at last with a thoughtful piece on popular horror and its evolving sub-texts (what the author or movie-maker is really getting at). S. P. Somtow will be back with a risible spoof datelined Hollywood, and Mike Ashley's British Scene will catch you up on books in the old Empire. Critic Eric S. Rabkin has some provocative speculations about the appeal of telepathy as a topic for science fiction writers, while author Mike Resnick records some of the things other writers have said that most influenced his career. We'll have interviews with George R. R. Martin and Jonathan Carroll, a new essay by Gary K. Wolfe on Gregory Benford, and an essay by Brian Stableford about the effects of two World Wars on English "Scientific Romance."

That's just for now, fans — new manuscripts, new ideas come in every day. Meanwhile we'll keep you up on forthcoming hardcovers and paperbacks, plus small press releases, and we'll continue to review everything we can get our dedicated staff, ninety-strong, to report on. If there are features you'd particularly like to see, drop us a card. We try, but sometimes we actually fail to anticipate your every desire. Let us know about it.

NOW, while I have a little space left, let me catch up on some items that wouldn't fit in elsewhere. We misreported the title of Timothy R. Sullivan's new novel from Avon in our last issue: it's *Destiny's End*, not *Fields of Immortality*, and it's scheduled for early 1987. Darrell Schweitzer caught our typos in his essay on Mervyn Wall, and wants two of them corrected. In his assessment of Fursey's marketability (#93, p. 17): "Darrell meant to say, 'I bet the Fursey books would even be quite commercial.' And on page 11 we dropped a line of type, accidentally attributing Fursey's story to Ambrose Bierce. The section should have read: 'It is ostensibly a children's story, but it reads like a Bierce's story written by Ambrose Bierce....'"

J. N. Williamson reports, in answer to a query, that no, his award-winning anthology, *Masques*, has not yet seen a paperback edition, though he's hoping for one. He adds that he's just been elected secretary/treasurer of the Horror Writers of America (Dean R. Koontz was elected president, and Paul Dale Anderson vice-president). The new professional society is actively seeking qualified members. Query Williamson at P.O. Box 26117, Indianapolis, IN 46226. Williamson's new horror novel starts serialization in *Night Cry* this month.

We didn't have room on the contents page to list Elizabeth Anne Hull's little piece on the Moscow Writer's Conference, page 18, or the association news from IAFA, which is on page 48. And that fills it for this month!

--Bob Collins

THE SUMMER TREE

By Guy Gavriel Kay

"ONE OF THE VERY BEST FANTASIES...SINCE TOLKIEN"

Andre Norton, author of the Witch World series



"SHOULD STAND ON THE SHELF BETWEEN TOLKIEN AND MCKILLIP"

— Marion Zimmer Bradley, author of The Mists Of Avalon

"POWERFUL AND FASCINATING" — Evangeline Walton, author of the Mabinogion series

Summoned by a wizard, feared by a king and awaited by the dark lord, Fionavar's saviors would come from a very strange place, indeed: from a world called Earth.

The Summer Tree. Volume One in the Fionavar Tapestry. The first novel by Guy Gavriel Kay, who worked with Christopher Tolkien on The Silmarillion.

B BERKLEY PAPERBACK \$3.50

FEEDBACK

Afraid We'll Disappear!

Dear FR:

I've just received my third issue of *Fantasy Review* (No. 93), and feel compelled to write to you. I got a complimentary issue with my subscription to *The Horror Show*, and that was the first I'd ever heard of your publication. That complimentary issue is a great idea, because one look is all it takes. I subscribed within a week, showed the issue to a friend, then he subscribed the next week. Your publication fills a need that is not, to my knowledge, adequately filled elsewhere, but for people who are doing a thankless job, and doing it very well, you seem to attract a lot of venom.

What gives? To an outsider (I'm outside a lot of things: the publishing industry, academia, etc.), all of this hoopla is confusing. I always thought book people spent their time reading and seriously considering BOOKS. Silly me, I completely ignored the fine arts of backstabbing, nitpicking, and temper tantrums. When do they get the time to read? Or do they?

Once having found your magazine, I feel paranoid about it disappearing (which you didn't help in No. 92). I'd like to contribute articles or reviews to help out, but I'm afraid my sole status lies in being an outsider, not generally considered adequate. Carol McGuirk's article in issue No. 93 got me thinking, though. If I could manage to get something rejected by Neil Barron (a challenge I feel prepared for) could I write reviews for you?

Sadly, I feel my contribution must remain being a mere subscriber. Hope "outsider" subscribers like me can be of service by just buying, reading and appreciating. Thought you might like to hear from one of us. See, a whole letter that hasn't accused you of anything but of editing a quality publication!

--Cindy Bartorillo

[Yours is the most essential service of all -- thank you for a charming response. --Ed.]

"Libels" of SFRA Not Funny

Dear FR:

Usually when a polemical battle in print upsets me, I try to think of something out of the witty and energetic literature of 18th-century England about piles of Shadwell or the praises of dullness. But that sort of wit presupposes some common ground of knowledge or even "rules of the game"; and Carol McGuirk writing in *FR* 93 is simply dead wrong in her assumptions and her general characterization of the SFRA. I must correct her on three points.

1) Neil Barron's ideas in his letter to me that both McGuirk and Collins refer to (Barron copied them) are his ideas alone and are not policy of the SFRA at all. His tabloid motion at our meeting did not have a "string of seconds," and McGuirk knows that members of our executive committee assured her at the time that Barron's ideas were not

SFRA policy.

2) No sensible literary organization would attempt to control the content of reviews of books by its members. No one I know in SFRA wants to, or has ever wanted to, exercise such control. And for McGuirk to suggest that we have such narrow motives is just weak thinking--even libelous. We write and want our peers to review our work. But to control the content of reviews is unthinkable.

3) Similarly, SFRA does not, I think, have a corporate literary program or identity; but if it did it would not be the characterization that McGuirk lays on us. For her to complain that we are not "theoretic" enough in our work is astoundingly uninformed. Many SFRA members have a profound theoretic interest and have published just such discussions. What I suggest McGuirk ought to do, rather than dash off such misinformed trash, is sit down to a scholarly review of some of our theoretic work. I can supply her titles.

--Donald M. Hassler
President, SFRA

[Ed note: In regard to point 1: the "several simultaneous seconds" to Barron's motion, reported by SFRA secretary Bill Hardesty (in the July/August *Newsletter*), would seem logically equivalent to the "string of seconds" reported by McGuirk.

In point 2, Hassler sidesteps the issue. Several speakers at the conference implied that *FR* allowed "unqualified" (non-SFRA) reviewers to "mis-review" books by SFRA members. Her response was confined to her personal column, and was an honest reflection of her impression of the conference. Not even Justice Rehnquist could find libel in her remarks.

In regard to point 3, McGuirk refers again to numerous statements made by prominent speakers, in panels and sessions, during theoretical criticisms; these statements shaped her impression of the conference. She did not intend to characterize the membership of SFRA, three quarters of whom were not there.]

Appalled at the Politics

Dear FR:

I appreciate the good job that *FR* has been doing and am appalled to learn from the July/August issue of all the politics that have been going on behind the scenes. I hope that *FR* can continue doing what it does well despite all the turmoil. If SFRA drops it, I will subscribe separately.

Thank you for your efforts in keeping it going.

--Mary Kay Bray
Wilmington College

Sorry McGuirk is Leaving

Dear FR:

I was most grateful to hear that *Fantasy Review* will survive, especially after your editorial in issue #92. I was also very happy to read that you will continue as editor of *FR*. (I was a bit

surprised at the news, again in light of your earlier editorial, as well as the announcement of your retirement in the *SFRA Newsletter*, which I received the day before.) Let me state herein that I have enjoyed the editorials and articles which have appeared in *FR*, and I hope to enjoy the interesting material in the future.

On the other hand, I was sorry to read that the *SFRA Newsletter* was correct in reporting that Ms. Carol McGuirk was stepping down as editor of book reviews. Your editorial and her *Plan Nine* from the *Sunbelt* were quite thorough in explaining the reasons behind her decision to resign. Though I may be late in stating it, I think Ms. McGuirk did a very solid job of running the review section, and I think she was quite right in continuing the policy of reviewing science fiction/fantasy/horror (small press and mass-market) and non-fiction works, as many as available. In this way, I think she served the purpose of both academics and readers in general, by informing them of material they might not see easily and to confirm opinions on materials at hand. (After all, *FR* is meant for both an academic and general audience.) Though I might not have agreed with every opinion expressed in the reviews, Ms. McGuirk still tried to provide a varied range of views and reviewers. Please extend to her my thanks for her work at *FR*.

Despite the actions taken at the SFRA Conference, I still have confidence in *Fantasy Review*. I hope that a vote of the general membership will be taken before *FR* is taken from the SFRA members. However, whatever the decision of the SFRA executives, I will stay with *Fantasy Review*, whether it be in the SFRA, the IFA or as a *FR* subscriber.

Thank you for staying on as editor, and please keep the wide range of books reviews.

--Nicholas S. DeLarber

[SFRA will poll the membership via the next *Newsletter*. *FR* is also conducting its own poll. --Ed.]

Palace Coup?

Dear FR:

Just received the latest *FR* and I can't tell you how delighted I am to know you are continuing publication. Again I want to tell you how much I do enjoy the variety of your publication and the promptness of your reviews.

However, I may not agree with you about the reasons that you believe are behind the "Barron incident"--I think it was much more a parent-child hate relationship and the feeling that something he had let go was doing well in spite of himself, rather than a conflict with the fantasy group. You and Carol forget (or did forget) that quite a few people in SFRA belong to IFA as well, and participate in both. No, I do not think this the main problem. What I saw was a grab for power within SFRA, and for Neil a disappointment, because the majority of the people did not pick up on his little palace revolt.

--Charlotte Donsky

"A rousing tale in the best Howard tradition."

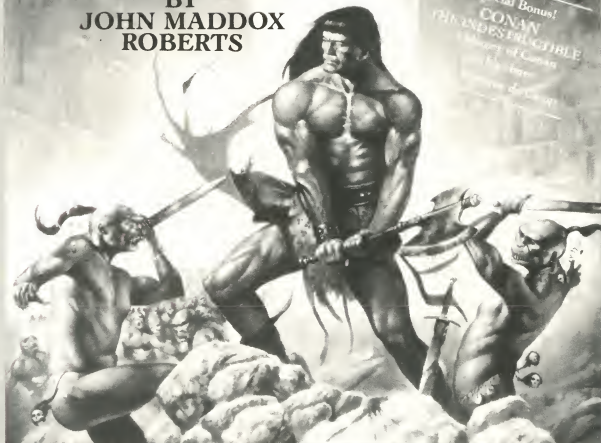
—Robert Jordan,
author of *Conan the Defender*

In his native Cimmeria, Conan discovers foreign sorcerers defiling the most sacred place in the land in their struggle for the power to command the gods themselves. As ancient blood-enemies of his people invade, Conan must unite the ever-feuding clans to face an even greater foe. Demons ride to war on the slopes of Ben Morgh—and the fate of the world rides on the sword of...

CONAN

THE VALOROUS

BY
JOHN MADDUX
ROBERTS



September 1986 • \$2.95 • 288 pages • 0-812-54252-5



Distributed by Warner Publisher Services and St. Martin's Press



SFWA HOSTS Greg Frost, Tim Sullivan collapse after long, sleepless weekend.

IT'S all over but the sleeping, nine or ten hours of blissful, uninterrupted slumber after the 44th World Science Fiction Convention--Atlanta's Confederation--has finally ended. The long overdue snooze takes place at the misty mountain retreat of Sharon and Bryan Webb in north Georgia, only an hour or so away from Hot 'Lanta. We have just hosted the hospitality suite for the Science Fiction Writers of America, and hospitable it was. Indeed, any fan or pro who has ever doubted that there is such a thing as southern hospitality should know better by now.

Along with artist Ray Ridenour -- the three of us dressed to the nines--we took care of business throughout the long weekend, Thursday evening through Monday morning. If that sounds suspiciously like work, well, it was, but the real work--unnoticed because it was executed so smoothly--was carried out behind the scenes by Sharon and Bryan Webb and two of their lovely daughters, Jerri and Wendy. The Webb family are



FUTURISTIC interior of the Marriott Marquis featured 41-story atrium, glass gondola elevators. Fans who overloaded one got 15 floors of free-fall.

ATLANTA'S WORLDCON

The View From The Catbird Suite

By Tim Sullivan and Greg Frost

ALL WORLDCON PHOTOS BY JANE JEWELL

southern hospitality made flesh, and SFWA owes them a large debt for their unceasing labors on behalf of the organization. Almost all publishers' debts for the use of the SFWA suite have been paid, by the way, and let us hope that Jim Frenkel of Bluejay Books finds his checkbook real soon, before the Webbs' next Master Card bill arrives in the mail.

The Worldcon site was ideal, encompassing the Hilton and Marriott Hotels in the Peachtree area of downtown Atlanta, two of the largest and weirdest hotels these two Yankee boys have ever seen. The Marriott resembled a Frank R. Paul illustration of '20s neo-Bauhaus futurism. The Hilton looked like it was designed by the art director for *Blade Runner* (bedrooms replete with silver levelers).

At the 41-story Marriott, an overloaded elevator went into free-fall for 15 floors, prompting the con management to post "elevator-party-hosts" on the ground floor to warn against exceeding the load limits.

All convention facilities were housed in these two nightmarish buildings, though we were witness to few events outside our narrow venue, a party central. Rumors did float into the suite from time to time. For example, we heard that Hugos had been given to Orson Scott Card, Roger Zelazny, Harlan Ellison, Fred Pohl, and Michael Whelan, who said he would not accept another Hugo next year. (See sidebar for the complete list.) *Locus* won the best semi-pro-zine award for the tenth time, beating out *Fantasy Review* once again. And speaking of *FR*, the "green girls from Vassar and Columbia" business was still being bandied about at the worldcon, believe it or don't!

On a more positive note, the aforementioned Webb girls won half costume awards, but don't ask who won the official masquerade, 'cause we don't know. We do know that the special auction to help out Manly Wade Wellman's widow raised \$28,000, as fans bid for such invaluable items as a bedpan outfitted with a tiny jockstrap. Harlan Ellison was the auctioneer, wearing a slouch hat with an orange smile face stuck to the brim. Orson Scott Card presented his funny and moving *Secular Humanist Revival Meeting* once again. A Woodstock party was hosted by people who could not possibly have reached puberty when Max Yasgur's farm was filling up with hippies, yuppies and future yuppies, and any pretense at authenticity was shattered when visiting dignitaries were forbidden to smoke--dare we say it, shudder--*marijuana*! Woodstock was never like this, kids. We presented our own 60's award to Ray Ridenour, who attended the party as a narc.

Party Foibles of the Great

But these laudable events hardly tell the whole story. When you live in party central for four or five days, you gain a heightened perspective on the sophisticated behavior of those graced with creative minds, and their urbane habits.

To wit: Marvin Kaye, ready to throttle Jim Frenkel for playing trail boss Gil Favor at the big late night cattle drive as we attempted to clear the suite on Saturday morning. Gardner Dozois and his wind-up, dancing genitalia (male and female--no sexist Gardner.) Steve Gould with his gross-out party favors--a silicon breast surgery implant and a vibrator Hugo. Ann Crispin offering to strip for a slice of pizza. The stuffed, mirrorshades-adorned pillow effigy of Ellen Datlow constructed when Ellen was late for her own party, and it was necessary to find a host replacement--shades of Max Headroom! Jerry Pournelle admitting that he wrote the movie tie-in for *Escape from the Planet of the Apes* (but otherwise on his best behavior, at least in the suite, though we heard rumors that he'd been tossed out of an Atlanta restaurant). Dozois again, creating a kinetic sculpture by wrapping an entire roomful of people in toilet paper. Robert Chilson, who arrived one evening with his face thumbtacked into place. Frenkel again, who spent half an hour repacking a box full of Bluejay posters after his credit party on Sunday night, proclaiming himself in a decent southern dialect, "the northern Jewboy with a steel-trap mind." Jim Baen, Reaganite Disco King, hosted a dance party.

Armed guards, courtesy of the Chattanooga fan club and Uncle Timmy, were stationed at the door, prompting Craig Shaw Gardner to remark that SFWA had been in need of "more firepower for some time." Ladies attired in hoop skirts and gentlemen in confederate uniforms helped out after the masquerade. It was like attending a cast party for *Gone with the Wind*. One gray-clad soldier wore a prosthetic device, a nod to the official Confederation logo, which pictured a robot wearing a confederate uniform. The guards helped keep the crowds down to a manageable size. No Libyans or Palestinians gained entrance to the SFWA suite, but a number of furriers did. These included Patrice Duvic of Orsay, France, late of Rockville, Maryland, and now residing in Ottawa (look for Patrice's movie, *End of the Line*, next spring at a theater near you!), Japan's deconstructionist sf critic, whose name escapes us at the moment; Malcolm Edwards, sf correspondent par excellence and chairperson of next year's worldcon;

Continued on page 12.



AWARD WINNERS and their stand-ins include, top row left to right, Orson Scott Card, Jack Chalker for Tom Weller, Michael Whelan, John Palowick, George Laskowski, Julius

Schwartz, Ray Beam for Donald Wandrei; Bottom row left to right, Frederik Pohl, Harlan Ellison, Charles N. Brown, Joan Hanke-Woods' stand-in, Melissa Scott, Rusty Hevelin.

The Main Events

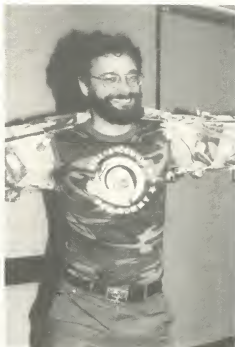
By Jane Jewell

CONFEDERATION, the 44th World SF convention, held in Atlanta over Labor Day weekend, had the honor of being the first convention to have Ray Bradbury as Guest of Honor. Terry Carr was Fan Goh (Terry was a famous fan long before he became a pro), and Britain's own Bob Shaw was Toastmaster.

For his Toastmaster speech at the Saturday Evening Hugo Ceremonies, Shaw gave a long, humorous recap of his writing career with short interruptions to present the Hugos. Two big video screens on either side of the stage provided an unobstructed close-up view for those in the back (or you could watch the entire show free in the privacy of your hotel room on closed circuit television). This year there were no blatant gaffs or technical problems, but there were two major surprises.



Jane Jewell



EMBLEM on Michael Swartwick's combat fatigues: "Kill a Commie For Mommy."



AUCTIONEER Ellison raised \$28,000 to pay Manly Wade Wellman's medical bills.



PUBLISHER Tom Doherty congratulates Orson Scott Card for Best Novel Hugo.



GEORGE LASKOWSKI'S *Lan's Lantern* outpolled "no award" for the controversial fanzine Hugo.



GUESTS OF HONOR Ray Bradbury, Terry Carr and Bob Shaw confer before the opening ceremonies.

In accepting his Hugo for Best Professional Artist, Michael Whelan withdrew his name from eligibility next year, in order to help draw voters' attention to other deserving artists. (Whelan has won the Hugo seven years running now.) He also urged the creation of more art categories on the Hugo ballot, stating that only one professional award does not accurately reflect or reward the contributions of artists to science fiction. He then led the audience in a round of applause for the other artist nominees.

Later the audience was shocked, but sympathetic, when Editor Owen Loock read a letter from Lester Del Rey rejecting the Best Editor Hugo won by his wife, Judy Lynn. Lester wrote that Judy Lynn had objected on principle to posthumous awards, and that the fans had had plenty of time to vote her a

The Hugo Awards

BEST NOVEL:

Ender's Game, Orson Scott Card

BEST NOVELLA:

"24 Views of Mt. Fuji, by Hosokai"
Roger Zelazny

BEST NOVELETTE:

"Paladin of the Lost Hour"
Harlan Ellison

BEST SHORT STORY:

"Fermi and Frost," Frederik Pohl

BEST NON-FICTION:

Science Made Stupid, Tom Weller

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:

Back to the Future

BEST SEMI-PRO MAGAZINE:

LOCUS, Chas. N. Brown

BEST FANZINE:

Lan's Lantern, George Laskowski

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR:

Judy Lynn Del Rey

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:

Michael Whelan

BEST FAN WRITER:

Mike Glyer

BEST FAN ARTIST:

Joan Hanke-Woods

BEST NEW WRITER:

Melissa Scott

MAIN EVENTS, Continued

Hugo while she was alive. He would not, he said, accept "an award for her dying." After finishing the letter, Locke left the stage, leaving the Hugo sitting on the podium. Shaw was startled, but handled the situation well, saying "she has the award in our hearts," before continuing his speech.

Zelazny, Woods, and Weller were not present, and their awards were presented by others. In addition to the Hugos, the John W. Campbell Award for Best new Writer was won by Melissa Scott. First Fandom Awards went to Julius Schwartz and Donald Wandrei. Longtime fan Rusty Hevelin was clearly surprised and deeply moved to receive the Big Heart Award, but the audience clearly thought no one deserved it more.

The facilities, located in two hotels directly across the street from each other, were excellent, with enough space so that the convention didn't degenerate into a mob scene. In fact, it was hard to believe almost 5,500 people were there. In any other city, the Hilton would have been considered an outstanding hotel. However, it paled next to the fabulous Marriott Marquis. With a 41-story open atrium and nary a right angle, the Marriott gave fans the impression of being inside a giant whale or a generation space ship. Even the acrophobes and agoraphobes (found clinging to the walls) admitted that the hotel was a wonder. Unfortunately,

some people thought it was fun to drop things off the balconies, endangering heads below. Also, fans crowded the glass-walled elevators to the point where several slipped dangerously. The convention had to post monitors.

The program included authors' readings and signings, virtually round the clock films and videos, and panels on practically every topic imaginable. Harlan Ellison ably auctioneered the Manly Wade Wellman Benefit auction, which raised over \$28,000 to help Wellman's wife pay off massive medical bills. (The highest bid was \$5,200 for Stephen King's notebook.)

Probably the single most popular event, aside from the Hugo Ceremonies and the masquerade, was Orson Scott Card's Secular Humanist Revival. Preaching to a packed house in the time-honored tradition of rabble-raising evangelists, Card defended freedom of thought and religion, and the separation of church and state. Audience members eagerly testified for their favorite scientific theories. Backed up by four deacons and one gabbi (girl rabbi?) Card's message was serious, his medium hilarious.

It was a good convention, not as large as some Worldcons, but that was probably all to the good. Close to 500 professionals (writers, editors, artists, agents, etc.) were present. Con committee representative Jim Glipatrick reported that financially the convention was comfortably in the black. Next year the world convention will be held in Brighton, England, from August 27 to Sept. 2.

--Jane Jewell



NOVELLA HUGO for Roger Zelazny was picked up by Shawna McCarthy.



PARTY group: A. J. Budrys, Mary Mason, Amy Thomsen, David Hartwell.



AT BAEN BOOKS BALL Craig Shaw Gardner and Tess Kissinger whoop it up.



NORWEGIAN agent/publishers Lynda Bentzin and Siri Baalstrud cultivate author Robin Bailey.



BOB TUCKER, Rusty Hevelin, and Patricia Taviss at the Tucker Roast.



S&M in SF panelists Mike Ford, Chris Clairmont and a prospective victim.

ATLANTA'S WORLDCON

Bradbury Flying High!

His First Worldcon in Half-Century!

By Sam Moskowitz



ORSON SCOTT CARD's *Secular Humanist Revival* was popular crowd pleaser.



ARTIST Bob Walters surveys the art show with author Donald Kingsbury.



JAMES GUNN laughs at Sue Stone during Teaching Science Fiction panel.



BEST IN CLASS (Journeyman) at masquerade were Julie Anderson, Lee Inselberg, and Cynthia Haldeman.



RAY BRADBURY is all affability as he celebrates 50 years in science fiction.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most remarkable thing about Atlanta's World Science Fiction Convention was Ray Bradbury's presence as Guest of Honor. Bradbury had attended the The First World Science Fiction Convention (The Nyeon 1) in New York City in 1939, and after he attained international renown as a writer of science fiction and fantasy, he had been asked on numerous occasions to be Guest of Honor, but always refused for a variety of reasons, among them his prejudice against flying.

The most likely reason for Bradbury's breaking his self-imposed rule against accepting Guest of Honor offers (he even flew to this convention!) is that 1987 marks the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into fandom: September 5, 1937, at a meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter of The Science Fiction League. As he acknowledged in his talk, had it not been for that step -- and the knowledge, contacts and professional help he received within the field -- he might never have generated and sustained the drive that evolved into a first rate talent. In fact, as he recalls, he might well have directed his energies into some other field, such as acting (which also beckoned to him with a siren's call -- and there was even a mild flirtation with the idea of becoming an illustrator).

In 1937, at the age of 17, Ray Bradbury was a chubby, sandy-haired, thick lensed, red-nosed, extremely affable fellow. Through the fifties and sixties he assumed a trim, more business-like appearance, and a more sophisticated manner. For Confederation he arrived at least 50 pounds overweight, with a full head of hair, very white, just as affable as in his early days, and cooperative with the convention beyond all reasonableness. He cheerfully faced autograph sessions of a dimension no author should suffer --

some five hundred people lined up, with others being added to the line faster than he could sign the books. Though he displayed not the slightest attempt at self-effacement, he seemed to have the attitude that he owed the fan field at the very least his good will, and at a world convention, he could and would demonstrate it.

In addition to his Guest of Honor address, which was recorded and can be purchased as a cassette, he submitted to a Question and Answer period not unlike a press conference (though he was asked no embarrassing questions, and much of the information he dispensed was not new). But it may be of importance to summarize his remarks as confirmatory, and in some cases, illuminating.

Mr. Electro

Bradbury remembered meeting, at 12, a carnival and circus performer named Mr. Electro, whose act was to permit a dangerously high electrical charge to pass through him. As Ray marveled, Mr. Electro tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Life for ever." Then, he took the fascinated boy on a tour of the circus. As they moved from attraction to attraction, he told Ray that they had met before in a previous life, that Ray had been his friend who was killed in 1918 (Bradbury was born in 1920) and welcome back! Mr. Electro was a minister who lived in Cairo, Illinois. That encounter was the spark that set Ray writing intensively three months later. (But as far as belief in reincarnation goes, Bradbury says he will live on through his four daughters and four grand daughters).

On the subject of carnivals, Bradbury remembers that he actually feared a ride on the merry-go-round as a child: in his mind, the animals moving up and down possessed a grotesque aspect. He did not realize it at the time he wrote *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, but in retrospect he feels his youthful fear was the genesis of the story.

Continued on next page.



BRADBURY mobbed by fans in lobby.

ATLANTA'S WORLDCON

BRADBURY, Continued

As a youngster he always felt that science fiction was the genre in which he would write, and his first story of that sort was a sequel to Edgar Rice Burroughs's *The Princess of Mars* (he wrote his own since he couldn't afford to buy those that existed). Despite this, *Weird Tales* was a great influence on him; since he couldn't afford to buy it, he perfected a technique of reading the stories (by E. Hoffman Price, Seabury Quinn, H. P. Lovecraft, Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner) standing up in the newsstand section of the store.

The first bit of science fiction with the personal touch that became his trademark was "King of the Grey Spaces." He couldn't seem to sell it anywhere, until *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* took it for its December, 1943, issue. It was a moving story of the thoughts and events of the last day spent at home by a 14-year-old boy, who had been selected for a ten-year space patrol training course, and would not see his family or friends again for that period. Bradbury was 24 at the time, the same age that his fictional hero would have been when he completed his training.

Many SF fans were in the army in 1943, and Private Paul Spencer, in the reader's column of the following issue, wrote: "Ray Bradbury is making a name for himself as one of the most promising new authors. 'King of the Grey Spaces' is a work of real skill, a delightful story." Private Oscar G. Berry called it a "brilliantly executed little piece." The appearance of that story also prompted me to write in the April, 1944, issue of *Fantasy Times*: "Another new author who has continued to rise lately is Ray Bradbury. Remembering the years he plugged on without encouragement, knowing that he is the possessor of one of the world's largest collections of rejection slips, and knowing, too, just how poor some of his early stuff is, one can't help but feel glad that he's made the grade at last. One hates to feel that patience, perseverance, and hard work have no recompense in the long run."

While still in school, Bradbury recalls he was writing weird tales, not science fiction. One of the earliest tales was "The Lake," which did not appear in *Weird Tales* until the May, 1944, issue. It was a short poignant tale of a young boy who has seen his blond, little girl schoolmate drown, and who returns to the same beach on his honeymoon to encounter a lifeguard who has recovered her body from the lake after ten years.

Selling to the Slicks

Bradbury tried very hard to sell "The Million Year Picnic" (*Planet Stories*, Summer 1946) and "Mars Is Heaven" (*Planet Stories*, Fall 1948) to the slicks. They circulated to *The Saturday Evening Post*, to *Collier's*, and finally returned to Wilbur Peacock, acting editor of *Planet Stories* under Malcolm Reiss. The stories the "quality"

magazines refused, an "adventure" pulp accepted. But finally the slicks did begin to take his stories. One of his favorites of that era was "There Will Come Soft Rains," in *Collier's* for May 6, 1950, one of the actual "New Wave" classics of the Post-Holocaust school of science fiction.

Bradbury remembers getting the idea for that story from his wife long before they were married. He had met her in a book store, and she quoted Sara Teasdale to him, including the line, "There will come soft rains," which gave him the key image for one of his most successful stories.

Inspiration also came from George Bernard Shaw's plays. Bradbury has memorized a number of Shaw's prefaces, and loves Shaw's work as he does the Bible and Shakespeare. He has written a story about a robot counterpart of George Bernard Shaw in outer space, and in another story, "Forever and the Earth" (*Planet Stories*, Spring 1950) he brought back Thomas Wolfe, another of his literary idols, to describe the wonders of space.

Work in Progress

Bradbury says he does not read very much in the science fiction and fantasy field. He is afraid of encountering ideas that might turn him away from something he is planning or already working on. He always has a number of works in various stages of completion. When any subject gives him trouble, he walks away from it until the mood strikes him again.

One of his current projects is a sequel to his detective novel, *Death is a Lonely Business* (Knopf, 1985), which he anticipates will be finished in about a year. He remembers seeing a man with a horrified face sitting next to a beautiful woman. The new novel is based on his speculations about the reasons for that man's expression.

Bradbury credits Charles Laughton with helping him to develop his dramatic sense of metaphor; he once did the libretto of a one-act opera for Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lancaster. Bradbury did not set out to write plays, but once he moved into the field, his sense of dramatic metaphor made adaptation of his stories to play form easier. Besides the stage, Bradbury also loves music, opera, oldtime radio and the comics.

Bradbury says he always admired the adaptations of his stories by Bill Gaines of E.C. Comics. Prince Valiant was also a favorite of his, and during the course of correspondence with Hal Foster he secured two huge panels from that adventure feature.

If he hadn't become a writer, Bradbury says, "I would have made a good priest, rabbi, or minister, and probably a good full-time magician." He would not have cared to be a movie director -- the work is too exhausting.

As for his nostalgia bent, he recalls going back ten years ago to his home town, Waukegan, Illinois, looking for old landmarks. A woman came out of an old house, recognized him, plucked a

dandelion and handed it to him. A barber, Ben Powell, whom Bradbury did not remember, identified him, and in an attempt to jog his memory, said: "I was your grandmother's boarder. Maybe you don't remember me, but I remember you. You were a rotten kid. You threw leaves on fresh painted wheels." This opens a new avenue of research: Just what sort of person was the child, Ray Bradbury? Perhaps nostalgia is not a two-way street in Waukegan?

From the vantage point of his fifty year association with it, Bradbury said science fiction fandom is as crazy as ever, but he and the fans will remain nutty together.

Bradbury displayed an excellent sense of dramatic timing throughout the interview. His voice projected. He seemed self-assured, almost aggressive in his replies. As the interview ended, I heard him inviting people to dinner (Jack Williamson among them). He sounded like he might pick up the tab.

--Sam Moskowitz

CATBIRD SUITE, Continued from p. 8.



FROST hosts the "entire Norwegian Science Fiction Industry": Morgana.

and the entire Norwegian Science Fiction Industry.

We Assist the Birth of Industry

Your humble servants had the pleasure of going to dinner with Lynda Bentzen and Siri Baalsrud. Together, Siri and Lynda are Morgana, the first combination agency, publisher, translator and bookselling operation in Norway dedicated to sf and fantasy publishing. Sound incredible? You should meet these two charming and lovely women from Oslo, who came to Atlanta to meet sf professionals, with the intention of setting the groundwork for a full line of sf and fantasy in their country. Such a specialty publisher did not heretofore exist in Norway, and Lynda and Siri intend to fill the gap with Morgana. At the Second International Feminist Bookfair in Oslo, they recently introduced their first volume, a translation of Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Amazons (Amazons, in Norwegian)*. After all, the Norwegians must have something to do on those long winter nights.

Guest of Honor Ray Bradbury, long overdue for a worldcon fete, made a

Continued on page 18.

COMING TO TERMS...

Excerpts From a New Glossary

For Science Fiction Critics

By Gary K. Wolfe

ONE of the most common complaints about the scholarship of fantasy and science fiction is that, as Everett Bleiler put it in his 1984 Pilgrim Award acceptance speech, "Our terms have been muddled, imprecise, and heretical in the hortatory sense of the word." Critics often resort to neologisms or specialized usages to talk about this literature, sometimes inventing whole new systems of literary classification. Fans and writers sometimes complain about the gnomish nomenclature of the academics, while the academics themselves complain of the looseness of the fans' favorite buzzwords. And since SF is a popular literature, the critical vocabulary has come to include terms originally confined to the publishing industry or the professional concerns of authors.

Few of these critical terms are defined in standard encyclopedic reference works about SF or fantasy, and fewer still are found in traditional handbooks of literature. But if the field is ever to establish a coherent critical vocabulary, scholars, fans, and writers each need to know what the others are talking about.

Critical Terms for Science Fiction and Fantasy. To be published this fall by Greenwood Press, is a preliminary attempt to discover and annotate our critical terminology. More than 400 terms are discussed and cross-referenced, with citations to key critical works in which terms they appear. The glossary is prefaced by a lengthy essay on the development of SF and fantasy criticism, and followed by a bibliography of over 20 critical works which provided the sources of most of the terms. What follows is a sampling of some of these definitions, omitting (for space reasons) the documentation and bibliography.

ACADEMIC: Used both as an adjective and a noun to describe the involvement of professional scholars and teachers in the criticism, history, theory, and teaching of science fiction. Such a meaning might seem obvious, but the term has gained a great many overtones, usually either disparaging or defensive, and has come rather imprecisely to be contrasted both with "Fan or amateur scholarship in the field, and with the various 'internal' works of history and criticism generated by science fiction and fantasy

writers themselves. In this usage, the "academic" is often regarded as an outsider trained in traditional humanistic methodologies which are sometimes felt to be inadequate for science fiction; interestingly, the term is seldom applied to university scientists or even social scientists, suggesting that it refers not necessarily to the academic world *per se*, but specifically to inhabitants of English or history departments in universities.

ALTERNATE HISTORY: A narrative premise claimed equally by science fiction and fantasy—namely, that time contains infinite branches and that universes may exist in which, for example, the Allies lost the Second World War (Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle* [1962]) or the Spanish Armada was victorious (Phyllis Eisenstein's *Shadow of Earth* [1979] or Keith Robert's *Pavane* [1962]). One of the earliest genre treatments of this theme, Murray Leinster's "Sidewise in Time" (1934), is clearly intended as science fiction. The theme has been present in the genre at least since 1926, although Darko Suvin has identified a number of "alternate histories" published as early as 1871. Suvin's definition, somewhat broader than the commonly accepted use of the term, relates the alternative history to utopian or satirical fiction, identifying it as "that form of SF in which an alternative locus (in space, time, etc.) that shares the material and causal verisimilitude of the writer's world is used to articulate different possible solutions of societal problems, those problems being of sufficient importance to require an alteration in the overall history of the narrated world." Another bibliography of such works, by Barton C. Hacker and Gordon B. Chamberlain, appeared in *Extrapolation*, 2, 4 (Winter 1981).

BLURB: Promotional copy written on the dust covers of hard bound books and on the front and back covers and front page of paperbacks. Although blurbs are most often written by promotional staff or free-lance public relations writers, they often include quotations from reviews or specially solicited praise from fellow authors—to the extent that some well-known authors have reputations for excessive generosity in lending their names to the efforts of less well-known authors. Given the overall importance of marketing and packaging to the audience's perceptions of popular literature, blurbs can also be revealing clues to the changing attitudes toward genres such as science fiction or fantasy. One of the earliest science fiction anthologies, for example (Donald A.

Wollheim's *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction*, 1943), featured a blurb which characterized the contents as belonging to "that realm of superscience where non-scientists try to anticipate science." Wollheim's later anthology, *The Portable Novels of Science*, 1945 avoided the term "science fiction" on the jacket cover by calling the contents "novels of scientific speculation," while an early Judith Merrill anthology disguised the science fiction contents as "a different kind of mystery thrill" and a popular anthology by Orson Welles used the term "intelluctary stories." Similarly, a 1944 fantasy anthology from Penguin disguised its contents as humor ("yarns based on DELIGHTFUL FANTASY") despite the inclusion of such relatively grim tales as Jack London's "The Scarlet Plague." By the early fifties, however, the paperback market for science fiction at least (fantasy would emerge later) became sufficiently strong that such evasive blurb copy was replaced by enthusiastic and frequent use of the term "science fiction" (except in the case of novels, such as Philip Wylie's *Tomorrow!* [1954], directed at a wider market) and this quickly led to complete lines of science fiction titles from Doubleday, Ballantine, and other publishers. (It is interesting to note, however, that after the success of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* [1950], which was labeled "Doubleday Science Fiction," his second book for Doubleday, *The Illustrated Man* [1951], was not identified as science fiction anywhere on the jacket.) As the market for science fiction grew and diversified, blurbs came more to reflect what was known of reader interest and consequently somewhat less hysterical; a common technique (still in use, although perhaps more in fantasy) was to compare the work with an acknowledged classic or a recent bestseller; reprints often became instant "classics" themselves. Although most serious readers claim not to be strongly influenced by blurbs, there is much to suggest that, along with cover design, they are crucial in capturing the casual reader and thus influencing sales figures, which in turn of course influence patterns of manuscript development and acquisition.

COGNITIVE ESTRANGEMENT: Widely quoted term from Darko Suvin describing the defining characteristic of science fiction, which Suvin sees as estranged from the naturalistic world but cognitively connected to it. "Noneognitive estrangement," according to this scheme, would include myths, folktales, and fantasies which are neither naturalistic nor cognitively linked to the natural world. Suvin argues that the defining characteristics of science fiction are "Estrangement and 'cognition,'" the latter referring to those elements of variability and detail drawn from the empirical environment which establish a link between the experienced world of the reader and the world of the work of fiction; a flying carpet would violate this principle of cognition.

DESIRE: A term sometimes used to describe the wish-fulfillment aspect of the appeal of fantasy, and sometimes used (as by Rosemary Jackson) to characterize the nature of language in fanta-

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sy narratives, as opposed to the more representational language of conventional narratives. Leo Bersani's use of this term (in *A Future for Astyanix: Character and Desire in Literature*, 1976), suggests that it refers to a generalized yearning for something beyond the real, and thus might in part account for the structures of character and narrative found in fantasy. The term has been used of science fiction as well, notably in Eizykman's *Science fiction et capitalisme* (1974), again with the implication of subverting dominant social structures through idealization of the possible. Much contemporary use of the term derives from the work of French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, and in particular his discussions of desire in its relationships to fantasy and to the "Other."

EXTRAPOLATION: Probably derived from "interpolation" and used by statisticians to refer to the process of predicting a value beyond a known series by detecting patterns within the series. Extended into the social and natural sciences, "extrapolation" has become one of the most common characteristics cited in discussions and definitions of science fiction, and even provided the title for the field's first academic journal, founded in 1959. Generally, it is used to mean the technique of basing imaginary worlds or situations on existing ones through cognitive and logical means; a "satire, therefore may be based on an extrapolation but need not be, since the relationship of the world of the satire to our own might be purely metaphorical. An example of an extrapolative science fiction satire is Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth's *The Space Merchants* (1952), in which a future society dominated by advertising agencies is clearly an outgrowth of trends visible in the early 1950s.

The term is closely linked with "Speculative Fiction," and one of its earliest important usages occurred in the Robert E. Heinlein essay in which he proposed the latter term: in the "Speculative science fiction story," he wrote, "accepted science and established facts are extrapolated to produce a new situation, new framework for human action." Perhaps in part because of its scholarly sound, the term quickly gained popularity, and by 1955 Basil Davenport could report that extrapolation "is a word that is almost as great a favorite in discussions of science fiction as 'space-war' is in science fiction itself; it may be defined as 'plotting the curve.'" While treating extrapolation as a defining characteristic of science fiction would seem to limit the genre to fiction of the future, critics have managed to adapt the word to include extrapolations about the past, about "Alternate Worlds," and about other favorite themes. Other critics, however, have argued for distinctions between "extrapolative" and "non-extrapolative" kinds of science fiction narratives, while still others have expressed hope that the term might be banished altogether as restrictive and misleading.

GHETTO: A kind of literary backwater. Since at least the late 1940s, science fiction writers and editors have complained of the "ghettoization" of the

genre by publishers, booksellers, and reviewers. "Ghetto" thus refers not only to the evolution of science fiction as a commercial book-selling category, but to a complex of critical and social attitudes which have come to influence factors as disparate as authors' contracts, book design, the placement of popular reviews, the teaching of the genre, and literary fellowships and awards. While other genre writers have also complained about "ghettoization" of westerns, mysteries, romance novels, and the like, science fiction writers have been perhaps the most vocal and possibly the best organized group in opposing this tendency.

Anthony Boucher argued that such literary ghettos arose from four factors: the tendency of popular writers to specialize in a particular genre, the tendency of readers to buy fiction by category, the tendency of academics to increasingly separate popular from "serious" fiction, and the realization on the part of publishers that more predictable sales could be gained by segmenting audiences according to special interests. In fact, the latter factor is arguably the most significant in the historical evolution of the "ghetto" of science fiction, which for much of its history has been dominated by magazines (which have been sold by popular category since the nineteenth century), and which did not enjoy significant paperback publication until long after Robert de Graaf of Pocket Books had discovered the principle of shelving genre books together in order to increase their sales. Similarly, hardbound science fiction did not become widespread until after hardcover publishers had been forced into similar marketing techniques by the success of the "paperback revolution." In more recent years, the very success of science fiction has exacerbated the situation, as authors who have established track records of dependable sales within the genre often find it difficult to persuade publishers to market books in any other way; the most famous examples are Harlan Ellison's *contertemps* with a publisher who attempted to label as science fiction reprints of the author's early realistic and autobiographical writings, and Isaac Asimov's losing argument with a publisher who refused to label his 1972 novel *The Gods Themselves* as science fiction.

HARD SCIENCE FICTION (sometimes also "hardcore" science fiction): Science fiction in which the "Ground Rules are known scientific principles, and in which speculation based on such principles constitutes a significant part of the work. Coined presumably on the model of "hard science" (the physical and biological, as opposed to social sciences), "hard science fiction" is ostensibly that "written around known scientific facts or at least not-unproven theories generated by 'real' scientists," according to Norman Spinrad. Thomas N. Scontia somewhat more narrowly defines it as a "closely reasoned technological story." Neither definition quite encompasses the breadth with which the term is actually used, however: in some cases it refers only to stories in which the setting is carefully worked out from known scientific principles (as in the

work of Hal Clement or Larry Niven), in other cases to stories in which the plot hangs on such a principle, and in still other cases to almost any science fiction associated with such stories in time or place. In the latter sense, the term may become almost synonymous with science fiction of the "Campbell Era. See also Soft Science Fiction.

HETEROPTOPIA: Originally a medical and biological term referring to a displacement of an organ or an organism; thus, broadly, a "displacement." "Heterotopia" was suggested by Robert Plank in 1968 as a convenient term for works of fiction which invent "not only characters but also settings." Plank included science fiction, much fantasy, and utopian fiction under this term, which in this sense is obviously derivative of "Utopia" [151]. Although not widely adopted, the term was invoked in the subtitle of Samuel R. Delany's novel *Triton* (1976): "An Ambiguous Heterotopia."

IDIOI PLOT: Probably coined by James Blish, but popularized through the reviews of Damon Knight, who defined it as a plot which "is kept in motion solely by virtue of the fact that everybody involved is an idiot." Specifically, he refers to stories in which characters act at the convenience of the author rather than through any perceivable motivation, and uses the term to attack fantastic works which seem based on the assumption that fantastic elements obviate the need for fictional credibility. Similar terms have been employed by other critics of popular fiction and film.

NEW WAVE: Francoise Giroud's term (*nouvelle vague*) to describe a group of younger French film directors who emerged in the late 1950s has since been enthusiastically appropriated by promoters of almost any unconventional movement within a popular art form and previously characterized by conventions or formulae. In science fiction, the term was introduced by Judith Merrill in a 1966 essay for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* ("Books," 30, 1 (January 1966)) to refer to the highly metaphorical and sometimes experimental fiction which began to appear in the English magazine *New Worlds* after Michael Moorcock assumed the editorship in 1964, and which was later popularized in the United States through Merrill's own appallingly titled anthology *England Swings SF: Stories of Speculative Fiction* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1968). Although Harlan Ellison's anthology of original stories the preceding year (*Dangerous Visions*, Garden City: Doubleday, 1967) has sometimes been retroactively credited with unleashing the American version of the New Wave, and though Ellison spoke of the book as "a revolution of 'new horizons, new forms, new styles, new challenges,'" Ellison himself has expressed chagrin at having been once labeled the "chief prophet" of the New Wave in America (*By The New Yorker*: "The Talk of the Town: Evolution and Ideation," 16 September 1967). Similarly, many of the other writers associated with this movement, such as Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, Thomas M. Disch, Samuel R. Delaney, and Robert Silverberg, have on frequent occasions ex-

pressed disdain for or confusion over the term. Nevertheless, writers associated with the New Wave have been credited with introducing new narrative strategies into science fiction images as metaphor, and with weakening the boundaries that had long separated science fiction from *Mainstream Fiction.

POSTHISTORY: Gene Wolfe's term for far future settings (such as in his own *Book of the New Sun* [1980-83]) in which artifacts from the present or near future constitute a kind of fragmentary or semi-legendary history for the characters in that setting. The term is obviously modeled on "prehistory" in that it refers to a culture in which what we view as continuous historical process and documentation has been fragmented or obliterated; the technique is fairly common in works which have been characterized as *Medieval Futurism.

PSYCHOMYTH: Term used by Ursula K. Le Guin to describe those of the stories which lack identifiable historical or science fictional referents, "more or less surrealistic tales, which share with fantasy the quality of taking place outside any history, outside of time, in that region of the living mind which—without invoking any consideration of immortality—seems to be without spatial or temporal limits at all."

PULP: Originally a kind of cheap, acidic wood-pulp paper, but now more often used to refer to the magazines published on such paper, which attained a collective circulation of nearly ten million per issue during the 1930s, according to Russel Nye (*The Unembarrassed Muse*, 1970). More broadly, the term came to characterize the fiction and illustrations published in those magazines, and finally to any fiction or illustrations making use of the pulp forms. The invention of the pulp magazine is generally credited to Frank Munsey, who in 1896 decided to convert his children's magazine *Golden Argosy*, to a popular all-fiction magazine titled *Argosy*, and switched to cheap untrimmed wood-pulp paper in order to keep the price low. Pulp magazines are of particular importance to the history of American fantasy in that, beginning with *Weird Tales* in 1923, they provided a focal point, consolidated an audience, and began to establish conventions and formulas for several subgenres of fantasy, especially *Horror fiction and *Sword and Sorcery. Science fiction pulps were equally successful, and many historians of the genre have dated its beginning as a self-conscious genre from the founding of *Amazing Stories* by Hugo Gernsback in 1926. Western, romance, detective, aviation, and war story pulps also flourished, but magazines devoted to other subgenres (such as *Oriental Tales*, begun in 1930) did not fare as well. John W. Campbell's *Unknown*, begun in 1939, did much to develop a modern popular genre of logical and often humorous fantasy parallel to science fiction, and such pulps as *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* and *The Avon Fantasy Reader* were instrumental in creating a younger audience for older *Lost-Race fantasies and horror fiction. By the mid-1950s, most pulp magazines had been replaced by *Digest size magazines, although



GARY K. WOLFE is Dean of Continuing Education at Roosevelt University. His life-long interest in science fiction is reflected in numerous articles, and a classic book on the "icons" of the field, *The Known and the Unknown*. A recent study of Gregory Benford will appear in the November issue.

critics and historians have since sometimes used the term to refer to any sensationalist formulaic fiction.

SCI-FI: Neologism coined by science fiction fan Forrest J. Ackerman and which has become anathema to many science fiction writers and readers. Perhaps because of its widespread use in the popular media in what often seems a denigrating or stereotyping manner, "sci-fi" has, in effect, become science fiction's equivalent of "nigger." More recently, however, some writers and critics have begun to suggest that the term may in fact have a legitimate use in describing highly formulaic mass-audience entertainments, and particular Hollywood movies. Isaac Asimov, for example, defines sci-fi as "trashy material sometimes confused, by ignorant people, with s.f." and cites the film *Godzilla Meets Mothra* as an example. Damon Knight has suggested the term be used for "the crude, basic kind of s.f. that satisfies the appetite for pseudo-scientific marvels without appealing to any other portion of the intellect" (he also suggests the term be pronounced "skiffy"). Somewhat less condemnatory, Elizabeth Anne Hull has suggested that films such as *Star Wars* might appropriately be termed sci-fi to distinguish them from the more complex (but still not clearly defined) fictions labeled *SF. Neither argument has gained much acceptance outside the science fiction community, however, and "sci-fi" remains in wide use as a popular media term for science fiction in general.

SF(S.P., S-F): Ambiguous abbreviation almost universally favored in the science fiction community over the more journalistic *Sci-Fi, but even less clearly defined. SF (or sf) is most often used as shorthand for science fiction, but has also been used for *Science Fantasy, *Speculative Fiction, or *Structural Fabulation. Widely popularized even outside the science fiction community by Judith Merril in her series of "year's best" anthologies (1956-69), all of which used the SF rubric, the usage has since become so prevalent that Isaac Asimov has suggested that *Speculative Fiction

may have been coined as an attempt to retain the initials SF while abandoning the more restrictive use of "science" as a modifier. Some writers now prefer to use the term without specifying its particular meaning if "sci-fi" is the "nigger" of the field, SF is its "Ms."

SHAGGY GOD STORY: Michael Moorcock's label for tales which seek to achieve a *Sense of Wonder by mechanically adapting Biblical tales and providing science fictional "explanations" for them—as, for example, the "surprise ending" which reveals two characters to be Adam and Eve.

SOFT SCIENCE FICTION: Probably a back-formation from *Hard Science Fiction, and used sometimes to refer to science fiction based on so-called "soft" sciences (anthropology, sociology, etc.), and sometimes refer to science fiction in which there is little science or awareness of science at all. Chad Oliver might be an example of an author who falls under the former definition, Ray Bradbury an example of the latter.

SPACE OPERA: A term borrowed from *Fandom, where it was coined by Wilson Tucker in 1941 to refer to the "outworn spacepship yarn" of the sort which had been prevalent in the "Pulps" during much of the 1930s. Sometimes called *Adventure Science Fiction or *Science Adventure, space operas are generally fast-paced intergalactic adventures on a grand scale, most closely associated with E.E. Smith, Edmond Hamilton, and the early Jack Williamson. Often characterized as westerns in space or "straight fantasy in science fiction drag" (Norman Spinrad), space opera may be either an historical or a generic term; contemporary films such as *Star Wars* have been labeled space operas, as have more complex works such as Cecilia Holland's 1976 novel *Floating Worlds*.

WONDER: Frequently invoked in definitions of fantasy but seldom defined, as in C.N. Manlove's phrase "a fiction evoking wonder." The term is equally common in discussions of science fiction, with its *Sense of Wonder, but it is quite possible the meaning there is somewhat different, relating to philosophical notions of the undiscovered universe and romantic notions of the "Sublime in the face of vastness. In fantasy, the term need not imply awe and terror in the face of the natural world, but rather suggests the *Desire and longing arising out of the promise of other worlds or states of being. In this sense, the term is perhaps related to *Sehnsucht. Casey Fredericks has characterized the "wonder effect" as "presenting both a radical and a recognizable change on the known world." As for the science fictional "sense of wonder," Samuel R. Delaney has suggested that the phrase gained currency through the criticism of Damon Knight, and may have been borrowed from W.H. Auden's 1939 poem "In Memory of Sigmund Freud" (which spoke of the "sense of wonder" offered by the night). It is equally possible, however, that the phrase had gained some currency before the Auden poem, perhaps through the use of "wonder" in the titles of *Pulp magazines as early as 1929.

RIISING STARS OF

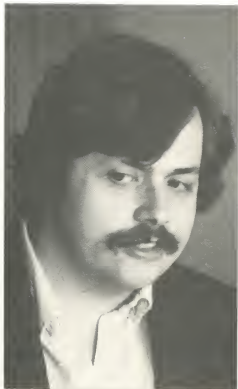
An Unholy Trio:

Craig Shaw Gardner

Al Sarrantonio

Steve Rasnic Tem

By Roger Anker



Craig Shaw Gardner

"...Working in PR, doing what I did, I would always be working sixty hour weeks. My free time just wasn't there. So I decided I was going to be a Poor Artist."

FOR the past several years, Steve Rasnic Tem, Al Sarrantonio and Craig Shaw Gardner have been producing impressive fiction at a prodigious rate. But unlike some writers in the horror-fantasy field who have built their reputations solely upon the writing of novels (Whitley Streiber is one of the many), or those who have devoted equal time to the novel and to short fiction (Charles L. Grant is a shining example), these three young talents have established themselves within the genre by writing the type of prose they love best, and what is considered by many the most difficult type of fiction to compose: the short story.

The short story demands, from the writer, an economy of words: a tighter focus not only on plot, but on characterization, setting, and action. It has never been easy to make a name—or earn a living—solely through short fiction. One reason is that it is relatively easier to sell a book than it is to sell a short story; there are more markets open to the novel today because of its greater commercial value. And when one stops to consider the fact that a short story of 5,000 words can take just as long as a 100,000-word novel to complete (and sell for disproportionately lower rates), then it comes as little surprise that novelists in the horror-fantasy field far outnumber the committed writers of short fiction—which is why, due to reasons of economic survival and career advancement, Tem, Sarrantonio

and Gardner have recently turned their collective hands toward the writing of novel-length prose.

One of the major anthologists in the field, Charles L. Grant (who, since 1978, has been editing yearly anthologies for Doubleday, Playboy Press and now for Tor Books), praises Tem, Sarrantonio and Gardner as "three of the best of the newer writers of dark fantasy."

A quote not to be taken lightly.

Craig Shaw Gardner

After Craig Shaw Gardner made his first story sale to *Fantastic* magazine in 1978, he decided to try his hand at a novel. His first effort, entitled *Wheels of Death*, dealt with a talking wheelchair and was deemed by Gardner "bad enough never again to see the light of day." He returned to short fiction, and quickly made his name in such anthologies as Charles L. Grant's *Horrors*, Alan Ryan's *Perpetual Light*, and Marvin Kaye's *Ghosts*.

Although he resides in Cambridge, Massachusetts, his formative years were spent in Rochester, New York, the home of Eastman Kodak. "The only thing you did in Rochester was make movies," says Gardner. "So, as a youngster, I would write my own screenplays and make these incredibly long and boring films. I did two Tarzan parodies and a Warner Brothers gangster parody. All of which are forever hidden from the eyes of man." His initial introduction to the world of fantasy fiction came "when my fifth grade teacher made us read *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells," Gardner recalls. "And that's what hooked me. I then went on to read *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The War of the Worlds*."

Soon a voracious reader, Gardner went through the complete works of Robert E. Howard and H.P. Lovecraft during his "sponge" period. When he was twelve, he read forty-three Edgar Rice Burroughs novels, one a day. "Then I stopped," Gardner says. "I suddenly decided—even at the age of twelve—that I had had enough of Edgar Rice Burroughs."

"But what I really liked were the short story collections. Pulp stories like *Weird Tales* and *Unknown Worlds*—stories from the Forties, which, in a way, was the golden age of the fantasy short story. I'd read a lot of novels, but it was the short fiction that always

stayed with me. So when I began writing, that was naturally what I began with."

After Gardner received a B.S. in broadcasting and film from Boston University, he took a number of jobs, including five years of public relations work for a Massachusetts hospital. He was offered the position of department head, but declined, opting instead to pursue his writing ambitions full-time. "I just decided that I was going to be serious about writing as opposed to being half-assed about it. Working in PR, doing what I did, I would always end up working sixty hour weeks. My free time just wasn't there. So I decided I was going to be a Poor Artist."

Gardner's decision to write full-time seems to have paid off; he has recently sold three novels to Ace-Berkley books. The comic trilogy (*A Malady of Magic*, *A Multitude of Monsters*, and *A Night in the Netherlands*) revolves around the wizard Ebenezer, who happens to be allergic to magic. In addition to his fiction, Gardner regularly reviews books for the *Washington Post* and *Cleveland Plain Dealer*; he has also written for *Fantasy Review* and Douglas E. Winter's *Shadowings*. Nevertheless, Gardner maintains that his main interest is in writing short fiction. "I write short stories, at least partially, because I get a lot of short story ideas," Gardner explains. "And I like the form—I enjoy compressing everything into a certain very finite amount of space. And there are certain ideas that are just there—a central thought or emotion that can only be conveyed in the short form. The pure short form is a bit like a Chinese box puzzle; you have to have all the pieces fit just right, without any excess at all. I enjoy that kind of challenge."

Gardner's work—both his fiction and non-fiction—frequently possesses a sharp humorous edge; in fact, he feels there isn't much difference between a humor story and a horror story, and these are the two kinds of fiction he writes. "I think they both have an element of the absurd within them," he says. "And if you were to look at both of them dispassionately, you could see that both of them could be pretty silly on occasion. They both deal with the subtle twisting of reality for effect. The end result is just a little different."

"In a humorous piece, you are exaggerating reality to make people

HORROR FICTION

laugh for satiric effect. You have coincidences occur in such a way that they can be both absurd and funny at the same time.

"In horror fiction, you are also twisting reality to a certain extent. I think the really successful horror story is one in which people can recognize themselves and their emotions. They can latch onto something they can really feel, so whenever the underlying horror makes itself apparent, they end up getting frightened.

"In a humorous story, also, if people recognize themselves in the humor, they will find it all the funnier. I think that each story works best in its way as an extension of the everyday, or the extension of what we perceive about ourselves."

Al Sarrantonio

Al Sarrantonio's stories have appeared with increasing regularity in many magazines and anthologies, including *Shadows*, *Heavy Metal*, *Chrysalis* and *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Presently residing in Putnam Valley, New York, with his wife and son, he has recently given up his post as science fiction editor for *Doubleday* to write full time.

Like other writers, Sarrantonio went through his own reading period, digesting large amounts of H.G. Wells and Ray Bradbury. His first love in the science fiction field was Eric Frank Russell, author of *Men, Martians and Machines*. "That book really stuck with me," says Sarrantonio. "I read it eight times."

But Sarrantonio didn't begin to write until his teen years. His first sale appeared in *Flying Saucers*, an 8 x 11" magazine published in Wisconsin to



Steve Rasnic Tem

"...We seem to have divided up writers as either psychological or supernatural. It strikes me as a strange division, because I think it all has to do with how you look at the character.... The only horror writers I can think of whose supernatural horror stories don't have that strong psychological element are the bad ones."

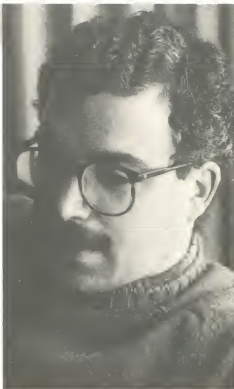
capitalize on the flying saucer craze of the sixties. "When I was sixteen or seventeen," Sarrantonio recalls, "I had written an article about flying saucers and sent it to Ray Palmer, the editor. I never got an acknowledgement that he'd received it. Never got a letter that he was publishing it. Never got a dime. All I got was my subscription copy eight months later with my article in it and my name listed on the front cover. And I flipped! I didn't give a damn if he'd asked me for money—I'd have given it to him. I was just happy to be in print."

Yet all the while, Sarrantonio's ambition was to publish fiction. In 1974, two weeks after he graduated from Manhattan College with a degree in English literature, his father gave him six hundred dollars to attend Clarion Writers Workshop at Michigan State University. Six writers (Robin Scott Wilson, Gordon R. Dickson, Harlan Ellison, Thomas Disch, Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm) ran the workshop, each of them teaching one week. "Twenty-five of us attended the workshop," Sarrantonio says. "It had a pressure cooker atmosphere. Basically, we would sit around in a big circle and beat the shit out of each other's stories. I remember Ellison stomping one of my stories into the ground. What we were doing, of course, was learning how to take criticism and learning how to look at our material not quite so seriously, so we could take the faults out of it. After six weeks of that, I came home tormented. I didn't touch a typewriter for two years. What was happening was that all this goop in my head had started percolating, and at the end of those two years, I started to write again. I was a different writer. Suddenly, most of the amateur stuff was gone. I'd somehow weeded it out. And within a couple of years, I was selling."

Sarrantonio sold his first fictional piece to *Asimov's* in 1978. In the beginning, he was writing straight science fiction; but he didn't find a comfortable niche until a few years later, when Charles L. Grant bought one of his stories for *Shadows* 4. "That's what did it for me," Sarrantonio says. "For some reason, I wasn't the same afterward. My style started to change and jell into what I've done since then. I felt that I'd found myself in the horror genre and have basically been writing horror stories since."

After Sarrantonio's short fiction began selling regularly, he decided to write a novel. "I had people yelling at me to try a novel," he says. "Eric Van Lustbader, who was then a Doubleday author, would scream at me to write one. In a first edition of his first best-seller, *The Ninja*, he wrote: 'Write a novel, schmuck!' But I never attempted one. The short story is so different from the novel. But if you can master the short form, I think you would find it a hell of a lot easier to go into a novel-length story."

Sarrantonio has recently sold three novels—*The Worms* and *Campbell Wood* published by Doubleday, and,



Al Sarrantonio

"...Novels are sold today with a three page sheet, a proposal. But you can't do a one page outline for a short story. You have to write it.... It's got to be finished and it's got to be damned good or close to perfect or it's not going to sell. You don't get a second chance. I enjoy that type of challenge."

Totentanz just out from Tor Books. Yet he feels that he has neglected the short story. "Novels take up so much time," he says. "If I'm working on something—that's it; unless I hit a block, I won't go on to something else in the middle of it. So if a novel takes nine months, there's no short story for nine months. But I'm still writing them. I do them in between novels."

Even though Sarrantonio believes that the short fiction market is healthier now than it has been in years, he is concentrating his efforts on novels, and feels that it is probably easier to sell a novel today than it is to sell a short story. "Novels are sold today with a three page sheet—a proposal," he explains. "I sold my first three books by writing them all the way through. My agent is trying to get me to change. But you can't do a one page outline for a short story. You have to write it before you can sell it. It's got to be finished and it's got to be damned good or close to perfect or it's not going to sell. If it doesn't hit an editor the right way—that's it. You don't get a second chance. I enjoy that type of challenge."

Steve Rasnic Tem

During his nine years as a freelance writer, Steve Rasnic Tem has published more than eighty horror,

"White Nights in Moscow," by Elizabeth A. Hull

Imagine the president of the United States observing (in silence!) a meeting of the Authors' Guild or SFWA for six hours! It's hard to convey the feeling of importance generated by the 8th Congress of the USSR Writers' Union held 24-28 June 1986 in Moscow, although the fact that Mikhail Gorbachev himself sat in on a full afternoon's plenary sessions can give some idea of how seriously the Kremlin leadership takes writers in their country.

Throughout the entire period of plenary sessions, running from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m. daily, at least one member of the Central Committee of the Party also listened attentively to the delegates representing writers of both fiction and non-fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, etc., as well as the publishers, editors, critics, and academicians who make up the membership of the USSR Writers' Union.

The Congress of over 500 official delegates was attended by about 500 more members of the Writers' Union and more than 60 invited foreign guests from both Socialist and Capitalist as well as unaligned countries. Besides Frederik Pohl and me, foreign science fiction was represented by Mr. & Mrs. Claude Avic (Pierre Barbel) of France. Fred was one of two Americans who spoke to the assembly, earning an enthusiastic response to his plea for international co-operation to preserve the environment.

Between sessions, Fred and I videotaped a rather long interview for a cultural arts program to be aired later this year, with Maria Ossintseva serving as interpreter. We also got to visit science fiction writer Yermey Parnov and old friend (and Wells scholar) Yuli Kagaritsky and his family.

fantasy, and science fiction short stories, appearing in such publications as *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Twilight Zone*, *Weird Tales*, *Whispers*, and *Weirdbook*. His stories have also been included in the *Chrysalis* and *Shadows* series, and in many British publications. In addition, he has scripted several comics for the Marvel Comics Group, and written extensively in the field of computers.

Presently residing in Denver, Colorado, with his wife and three children, Tem grew up in Jonesville, Virginia, and attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, where he received a BA in English Education. He moved to Colorado in 1974 and two years later received a MA in Creative Writing from Colorado State University.

By the time Tem began selling his short fiction to literary magazines in 1976, he had already published nearly one hundred poems, many of them fantasy and science fiction. Since his first genre story was sold to Ramsey Campbell's *New Terrors* in 1979, Tem has rapidly gained a reputation as one of the prominent new writers of short fiction in the field of dark fantasy.

His stories, the natural product of a poet's imagination, are usually very short, very terse, and visually powerful. Atmosphere and tone are of the utmost importance in Tem's horror fiction—at times, more important than plot. "Fear often doesn't stem from concrete events or things," says Tem. "I think the short story is just like a fiction lever; for you try all kinds of techniques and approaches. The choice of details and the way a dark fantasy element is introduced into the horror story vary greatly. But short fiction, compared to the novel, is much harder to write. You have such a limited space to develop characterization and to lay your background. You have only one chance to get it right. In a novel, you have numerous chances. Also, the stakes in the novel are more dangerous; it is to make mistakes. And you can't afford to make any mistakes in a short story, because they become very noticeable."

Tem has written one novel, which hasn't yet sold, and is currently working

on a second. Although he considers short stories his "first love" and intends to write them for many years, he feels he has discovered something different and exciting about composing a novel-length story. "I found there were certain scenes and certain things I could do which I could never have done in a short format," explains Tem. "The story in my first novel concerns a giant flood in a mountain town, and I'd realized as I was writing it that I would never have been able to make it work in a short story, because it was much too big. It was a lot of fun to write and it's what got me thinking that I wanted to do more novels."

Another reason Tem has concentrated on the novel is the commercial potential. And though he does view today's short fiction market as more stable (if fairly small), he does not regard it as healthy. "It is very hard to make a living writing short stories," Tem remarks. "I really can't think of any short story writer who does, except for Edward D. Hoch, the mystery writer, who has published a short story in every issue of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* for years."

Like most good fiction, Tem's stories revolve around characters—real people in real situations. In fact, much of the horror in his tales occurs as a reflection or result of his character's personalities. It is a motif he frequently uses, causing his fiction to be labeled "psychological horror."

Tem, who attributes most of what he knows about "psychological horror" to modern masters Ramsey Campbell and Dennis Etchison and grandmaster M.R. James, believes that this "label" is sometimes a problem because he does, on occasion, write more graphic material. "Something which has occurred to me lately is that we seem to have divided up writers as either psychological or supernatural," he says. "And it strikes me as a strange division, because I think it really all has to do with how you look at the character. With writers who are very good at characterization—which would include Stephen King, Dennis Etchison and Charles L. Grant—the supernatural

aspects of their storytelling works because those aspects come out of the character. The only horror writers I can think of whose supernatural horror stories really don't have that strong psychological element are the bad ones. I don't think Charlie Grant labels himself as a psychological horror writer; I think he's one of the most psychological horror writers working, because there's always a relationship between the horror and what is happening to his characters. In a sense it's telling you that these events would not happen if the characters weren't as they were."

In addition to the previously noted titles, Tem has also edited the recently published *Urbal Anthology of Science Fiction Poetry*; seven of his short stories appeared in the Alan Ryan-edited anthology *Night Visions* (Dark Harvest).

—Roger Anker

Catbird Suite

Continued from page 12.

moving speech and appeared on a dinosaur panel at which he was made to laugh heartily by our own Ray Ridenour, who brought some dino paintings along for the occasion. It was good to see Bradbury, tanned and fit with gleaming white hair, seeming to enjoy himself immensely. Fans surrounded him wherever he went, often telling him, in the words of Tor editor Wanda June Alexander, that "you made my childhood bearable."

Worldcon Swan Song

On a more somber note, Ted White showed up, after his conviction on a Virginia drug bust rap, but before sentencing. Ted referred to Confederation as his "swan song," but let's hope he gets out on parole soon. Random will miss him while he's away, though I wouldn't be surprised if Ted continues his fanne while he's in the slammer, and we look forward to seeing what he produces under such dire conditions.

Programming went well, though programming director Joe Siclari was unable to attend due to a severe illness in the family. Nancy Atherton, his assistant, filled in admirably. Mike Gyer was editor-in-chief of the daily convention update, doing his usual sterling job, getting the color-coded flyers out every morning in time for coffee. And speaking of food, Atlanta has to be the worst city for restaurants since MidAmerican, though the Marriott did contain two decent eateries, Pompano's and La Fuente, for seafood and Mexican cuisine, respectively. The SFWA suite had veggies, fruit—including Georgia peaches, of course—chips, crackers and cheese, doughnuts and coffee in the morning, and a full complement of the world's finest booze. Beautiful people tended the bar most of the time, with the exception of Sunday evening, when Jim Frenkel mixed the drinks.

Monday afternoon, in a state of near-exhaustion, we left Atlanta for the Blue Ridge mountain home of the Webbs, where we drank sherry and watched a videotape of *Re-animator* until we passed out (which brings us full circle).

—Tim Sullivan & Greg Frost

Now, Back to Business

By Rob Latham

Along with the job of book reviewer editor, I have inherited from Carol McQuirk an irritating set of persistent problems which I am optimistic enough to believe I can solve. (Somewhere I hear Carol laughing quietly.) In this first column, then, I will enumerate my complaints—gently, gently—and so I ask our reviewers to pay close attention. I realize that the majority of you are not guilty of all these faults—indeed, that some of you are not guilty at all—and so I request your professional patience in advance. Here goes.

The most pressing problem involves books that have been mailed out for review, only to silently vanish. This is bad. Since *FR* remains committed to reviewing every original title (and all significant reprints) published in the genres of fantasy, sf and horror, it is imperative that reviewers return to me either a finished review or the book itself. I know sometimes you are vexed to receive the latest supermarket schlock instead of a Nebula-nominee, but instead of tossing the offensive volume into the rubbish, I ask that you send it back so we can find someone willing to review it. (I promise we will reimburse you for the postage, book rate.) You see, we generally receive only one copy of each title, so once we have mailed it, we are entirely dependent on the reviewer to respond in some way (preferably with a pithy, eloquent review). And lest you suspect that it is only hackwork that is disappearing, I must inform you that we have as yet received no word on Dan Simmons' World-Fantasy-Award-nominated *Song of Kali*, a review copy of which was mailed out many moons ago.

A related problem concerns the matter of up-to-date information on reviewers. It is very possible that the reason for so many lost books is because we do not have current addresses on file. I ask you all to make sure to send us changes of address as soon as possible, as well as to inform us of any times during the year when you will be unavailable for review. Also, please keep us informed if your reading interests should change abruptly (from sword-and-sorcery to cyberpunk, for example), so that you will not wind up with books you might be tempted to trash (literally).

Some editorial nits: Please make sure that all reviews have the appropriate heading information, in the appropriate order, at the top of the page. It will save me a lot of time. And since you, the reviewers, have the best knowledge of the contents of the books, I ask that you read over your copy to insure that your plot summaries are sufficiently intelligible to people who have not read the books (which, alas, often includes me). The spelling of proper alien names should also be carefully checked, as we do get irate letters from writers whose protagonist D'M'rfga was inaccurately

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rendered as M'D'rfga. With the book, we can't double-check such spellings. The foregoing is not intended to suggest that I want you all to focus exclusively on minutiae and plot summary, but only that you lay the appropriate foundation for your own critical discussion. Thanks.

Finally, a few words about policy. As a long-time reader of *FR*, I have often felt that the magazine has not paid enough attention to small-press horror and fantasy (of the "literary" as well as the fanish variety). Occasional

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Fiction

Orthodontists in Space!

Anthony, Piers. **Prostho Plus**. TOR, New York, June 1986, 216p. \$2.95. ISBN 0-812-53116-7.

Unwillingly becoming Earth's first interstellar dentist when he is kidnapped by aliens with bad teeth, Dr. Dillingham keeps his professional integrity untarnished through a series of bizarre adventures. This is, obviously, a humorous novel. That there is something fundamentally absurd in the notion of a DDS in space, was shown in Avram Davidson's stories of Dr. Morris Goldepper. But while Davidson delicately but mercilessly satirized his characters' self-important attitudes, Anthony seems quite fond of Dr. Dillingham, a decent fellow always willing to sacrifice himself to keep a patient from suffering.

As a novel, **Prostho Plus** is episodic. (Before being cobbled together in book form in 1973, it was written as a series of short stories; see Anthony's story introductions in his collection **Anthology** for a description of the process.) It probably would not have been reprinted except for Anthony's recent rise to superstar bestseller status. Nevertheless, it is a likeable book; if you enjoy reruns of **Leave It to Beaver** or **The Andy Griffith Show**, you'll like this novel.

—Joe Sanders

A Dark, Eloquent Vision

Atwood, Margaret. **The Handmaid's Tale**. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, February 1986, 31p. \$16.95 cloth. ISBN 0-395-40425-8.

Theocracies have been a common form of government throughout history, often interesting, rarely—to my mind—appealing. Atwood's cautionary tale depicts with chilling intensity a near-future northeast U.S. The Republic of Gilead is presumably the result of a sketchily described revolution against a licentious American society, though there are suggestions that convulsive social changes have transformed other parts of the world.

This constricted world is depicted through the eyes of Offred, whose recorded "diary" we read. A rapidly declining birthrate resulting from toxic wastes, radioactivity and social changes, has led to a rigidly patriarchal society in which social dissent—i.e. heresy—is ruthlessly purged. Women occupy various subordinate domestic positions. Handmaids serve as seed-bearers to quasi-military commanders, whose wives are sterile.

The book's back cover quotes Marge Piercy: "... [Atwood] gives us a society in which all of the New Right's preaching about women is put into law and into practice..." Piercy assumes greater unanimity of belief than really exists in fundamentalist circles, but her point is a legitimate one.

Margaret Atwood is a respected Canadian novelist, short fiction writer, poet and critic. What is most distinctive and rewarding about her new novel is not its plot, elements of which veteran SF readers have encountered before, but its spare yet eloquent prose which resonates with poetic sensibility. Offred is perceptive, but her position limits her knowledge, and we see her world through a glass, darkly. Her vision illuminates our world as much as her own and I highly recommend her disquieting chronicle.

—Neil Barron

The Return of Superwoman

Bailey, Robin W. **Bloodsongs**. TOR, New York, April 1986, 314p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-812-53141-8.

Superwoman Frost is back once again, her extraordinary versatility expanded to almost unbelievable proportions. Retired from her mercenary fighting, Frost has been settled down for twenty years as mother, tavern keeper, exotic dancer and wife to her once would-be-assassin. Her tranquil existence is gradually eroded, by her elder son's abrupt

departure, her husband's mysterious death, her younger son's murder, and finally by the destruction of her property. Suddenly she is embarked on a desperate race to prevent her elder son from destroying her adopted land and to exact revenge on him for his father's and brother's deaths.

As with the previous Frost books (Frost, Pocket Books, 1983; Skulgate, FR 89) **Bloodsongs** is action-packed, full of violence, with slightly pedestrian character development and somewhat strained coincidences driving the plot. The patricidal tragedy of Frost's youth (she killed her father and brother, and caused her mother's suicide) returns to haunt her, echoed in her struggle against her son and the mysterious wizard who drives him. Again things seem too easy for Frost, although the ending is more ambiguous than in Bailey's previous books. Readers who enjoyed the earlier Frost novels will want to read this one (and naturally the end has left room for a sequel); this is solidly average female sword and sorcery.

—Diane K. Bauerle

The Passion of Women

Barbey d'Aurevilly, Jules. **Les Diaboliques (The She Devils)**. Dedalus, London, 1986, 254p. £3.95 paper. ISBN 0-946628-13-8.

The latest in Dedalus's series of European Classics is a celebrated collection of non-supernatural tales of the macabre. Robert Irwin's introduction describes the subject matter of the tales as "the satanism of appearances," and this is a fair, if slightly highly-colored, description. Barbey's fascination is the way in which elaborate codes of etiquette and morality can become masks so perfect that there is hardly any way of knowing what lies behind them. His suspicion, outlined in these stories, is that the masks which women put on conceal astonishing depths of passion. The key story in the collection is, perhaps, "Beneath the Cards in a Game of Whist," in which the carefully deceptive and skillful behavior of card-players is analogically related to the "game" of life, whereby the appearances presented to the world by secret lovers conceal entirely the intense drama of their private feelings and covert meetings. This warrants description as "satanism" because Barbey believes, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, that the passions know no morality of their own, and hence may easily drive us to evil actions which—though they must be concealed from the world—generate no honest repentance. All the women herein avoid the stigmatization of scarlet letters, and avoid too the agonies of guilt. The men, by contrast, can only talk in tones of wonder about what women are capable of, because the codes of morality and convention do not demand of them such ingenuity of concealment; nor, it seems, are men capable, in Barbey's view, of such intense passion.

Although not supernatural, **Les Diaboliques** has some fine horror stories, and it remains intriguing as an exercise in speculative psychology.

—Brian Stableford

A Martial Formula

Barnes, Steven. **The Kundalini Equation**. Tor, New York, May 1986, 348p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 812-53150-7.

An intriguing blend of psychology, physiology, yoga, martial arts, and mystic fringe cults.

Adam Ludlum is an overweight smoker in a sedentary job fading into his middle years; his lack of drive and dedication has cost him his girlfriend, his dying father's respect, and his own self-esteem. Desperate, he begins a body conditioning program and becomes involved with a California cult known as the Children of the Earth Heart, which was founded by an assassinated Pakistani guru named Savagi.

Through controlled breathing, meditation and physical exercise (codified as the Kundalini Equation), Savagi's mind/body philosophy becomes the Tao for Adam. Fueled by his driving goal and aided by his uncanny ability to visualize, the out-of-shape radio station engineer is transformed into a karateka extraordinaire, then, gradually, into a virtually indestructible, possessed killer of unsurpassing strength, speed and regenerative capabilities.

Barnes's rationale for Adam's Berserker-gang are the

(theoretical) paleopsychic processes: humans possess three brains, each brain having its own intelligence, subjectivity, sense of time, space, and memory. By tapping into his low, reptile brain, Ludlum sets free the primordial power of the animal mentation within, that hunter/survivalist strength that "feeds on death." It is this power the Children of Earth Heart worship; and Ludlum unwittingly becomes their Messiah.

Adam's struggle to control and understand the demon within creates a real tension: when he succumbs, we are treated to dizzying martial arts action and gruesome deaths; when he succeeds, we get a smattering of Sixties soul searching, though some of it is a bit showpown. Recommended.

--Barry H. Reynolds

Not a Grind(stone)

Boyer, Elizabeth H. **The Troll's Grindstone**. Del Rey, New York, 1986, 343p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-345-32182-0.

Leifr, an unemployed and outlanded Viking, takes on the challenge of locating the mythical grindstone that will restore the edge to the weapons of Alfur, people of a Norse fairyland, enabling them to revolt against the rule of the evil sorcerer Sorkvir. To find the Grindstone, a magic sword must be reclaimed from under Sorkvir's nose and the earth magic restored to a section of land known as The Pentacle. With the mysterious, crippled Gotskeller and the wizard Thurid as companions, Leifr undertakes the quest masquerading as one Fridmar, an Alfur he soon discovers is hated by one and all for his betrayal of his people into Sorkvir's power.

Boyer's tale is an absorbing one, with tight plotting and excellent characters; Leifr is particularly believable. A great way to spend an evening.

--Judith Hardin

Fascinating Character

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. **Lythande**. DAW, New York, August 1986, 240p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-88677-154-4.

Bradley conceived Lythande, magiellan and musielian, as her contribution to the **Thieves' World** universe, and a fascinating person she is indeed. In choosing to become a Pilgrim Adept of the Blue Star, Lythande has had to conceal her gender and now must protect this secret from everyone. Thus she is in continual conflict with others who seek her secret and with herself, making her a genuinely tragic protagonist. This book is a collection of five Lythande stories by Bradley and one by Vonda N. McIntyre--one of the conventions of **Thieves' World** being that any character can be used by other authors. Readers unfamiliar with **Thieves' World** can ignore such fine points and relax and enjoy some top-notch storytelling.

--Susan L. Niekerson

The Enemy's Face

Bujold, Lois McMaster. **Shards of Honor**. Baen, New York, June 1986, 313p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-671-65574-4.

Shards of Honor is a first novel, beginning much like a **Star Trek** pastiche. But it rapidly leaves the formulae; realistically and with ruthless penetration, it deals with sensitive, intelligent and interesting people under pressure.

On the surface, **Shards** looks like a Hatfield-McCoy love story. Cordelia Naismith, Commander of a peaceful Betan survey expedition, finds herself allied with Vorkosigan, commander of the Barrayan force that has destroyed her camp and attacked her crew. Reluctantly but inevitably, they fall in love. Romance under wartime conditions poses its own problems: romance between widely differing cultures poses others. Bujold handles these neatly, with grace and wit, then adds another, contemporary consideration, the "romance" of war.

Fixing a clear eye on modern warfare, fought "cleanly," at a safe distance, she calls this "taking away the enemy's face," and seorns it. Rather than opposing sides in battle, Cordelia and Vorkosigan represent two possible ways to respond to the inhuman pressures of politics--with honor and humanity.

--Carol McGeheon

Sharp Pictures

Canal, Richard. **La Malediction de l'Ephemere**. La Decouverte, Paris, May 1986, 179p. FF65.00 paper. ISBN 2-7071-1617-3.

Think of the Strugatskii's **Roadside Picnic** with the artifacts replaced by works of art and you have a fair picture of this novel's argument. A "searcher" and a "roadrunner" (along with "stalker," these terms are rendered in English) raid bombed out, irradiated downtown Toulouse for great sculptures and paintings after a catastrophic war, topped by an ET intervention, has ravaged the world and left deep psychological and physical scars on mankind.

It is risky of Canal to place art--rather than science or politics--at the heart of his book (as well as in the heart of the forbidden cities) for the artistic experience is a difficult one to render. It is, however, interesting to note that this emphasis is shared by many of the most promising French SF writers of the 80's (Jouanne, Dunyach...). Canal manages well, since he slyly focuses on the outskirts of art, on "searchers" and dealers.

La Malediction de l'Ephemere ("Curse of the Ephemeral") is perfectly paced, combining brevity and efficiency, but perhaps burning itself out too fast, like its irradiated artists.

--Pascal J. Thomas

S&S Comics

Cawthorn, James & Michael Moorcock. **The Crystal and the Amulet**. Savoy Books (279 Deansgate, Manchester M3 4EW, England), July 1986, 108p. L4.95 paper. ISBN 0-86130-070-X.

Savoy Books' latest production is a large-sized comic strip adaptation by James Cawthorn of the second part of Moorcock's "Runestaff" tetralogy, following the earlier **Jewel in the Skull**. There is an introduction by Burne Hogarth. As with all Savoy productions, this one is well-designed, and the adaptation has been done with care and skill. Cawthorn's association with Moorcock goes back to the earliest days of the writer's career, when the Elric stories in **Science-Fantasy** were frequently adorned with his illustrations. Cawthorn thus has a sensitive appreciation of the texture of Moorcock's work, and his pictures blend well with the text. A comic-strip adaptation of the first volume in the Elric series is promised soon. The price of this volume is low by comparison with similar items I have seen, reflecting the fact that Savoy's enterprise is really a labor of love, and all their publications are excellent value. American collectors and readers may have to make a little effort to secure this item, but it is well worth the trouble.

--Brian Stableford

Masterful Tale

Chalker, Jack L. **Lords of the Middle Dark**. Ballantine, New York, June 1986, 357p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-345-32560-3.

With this book Chalker begins another series, entitled **The Rings of the Master**. Master System is a supercomputer system established to save the Earth from man's warfare. The system, however, is so advanced that it takes over, killing those who threaten its existence and reducing Earth to scattered primitive societies. Massive numbers of people are biologically altered and established on a variety of other worlds.

Enter Hawks, who works for the Council, a group of people who have moderate technical knowledge and are under the direct control of Master System. Hawks is on leave to his Indian tribe, and while on leave learns how possibly to end Master System's tyrannical rule. He is joined on his quest by Cloud Dancer and Silent Woman, his two Indian wives.

Meanwhile, in China, a brilliant young brat named Song Ching takes part in a raid against a group of "technologists." Song is egocentric, spoiled, and due to be altered mentally into a doelle, over-sexed wife. Also, a greedy Chinese Lord is working behind the scenes; he, too, wants the key to controlling Master System.

Chalker's novel is excellent, beginning a series that will probably match if not exceed in quality his previous works.

Chalker's characters come alive; we see their inner turmoils, their lofty goals, and their struggle against the harsh reality of Master System's control. This novel is strongly recommended.

—James T. Crawford

The Game Ends

Clayton, Jo. **Questaer's Endgame**. DAW, New York. July 1986, 384p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-88677-138-2.

This ninth and concluding volume of Clayton's *Diadem* saga centers on Aleyteys, wearer of the diadem, and the search for her lost heritage. After wandering throughout the universe Aleyteys has made a life for herself on the planet Wolff, a stark, primitive place where she earns her way as a galactic bounty hunter. But now she decides to leave Wolff, at least temporarily, in order to accompany her long-lost mother, Shareem, to the planet Vrythian and claim her rightful place as a member of the Vryth, a super-race whose mortal lives span hundreds of years. Complications abound in this seemingly simple quest. Aleyteys has an implacable enemy, a Vryth names Kell whom she encountered in an earlier adventure. He has sworn to kill her and sets about creating elaborate traps designed to insure her destruction.

The first trap quickly becomes apparent. At the very moment she is to leave for Vrythian, word arrives that her lover, Grey, has disappeared while hunting a criminal on the planet Avosing. Aleyteys recognizes Kell's hand in this, as does her friend Shadith, an alien poet and musician who once spent many years trapped in the diadem. Shadith volunteers to journey to Avosing and rescue Grey. Meanwhile Aleyteys travels with Shareem to Vrythian, there to face Kell on his own turf and fight a battle to the death.

In this better than average quest-fantasy, there are minor plots which show the intricate nature of life on Vrythian by contrasting the often meager lives of the normal, mortal inhabitants with those of the privileged near-immortals. Clayton is a master of complex plotting and characterization. Followers of the series will certainly want to read the final chapter of the saga, but even those totally unfamiliar with it will find it enjoyable.

—Patricia Altner

Another Slapstick S&S Series

Clough, B.W. **The Realm Beneath**. DAW, New York, June 1986, 256p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-88677-137-4.

L. Sprague de Camp perfected the humorous Sword and Sorcery tale and Piers Anthony turned it into bestselling formula fiction. Now every fantasy publisher has at least one open-ended slapstick series going, if not two or three. **The Realm Beneath** is B.W. Clough's third entry in the sweepstakes.

This novel, which was preceded by **The Crystal Crown** and **The Dragon of Mishbil** (in the author's *Avenger* series), relates the ongoing story of Liras-ven, unlikely wizard, unwilling King of the Shan. Liras fights a never-ending battle to achieve both peace with his pugnacious neighbors and domestic bliss with a queen who tends to throw things when angered. Both forms of warfare occasion a mixture of low comedy and relatively mild mayhem of a sort unlikely to offend the parents of the teenage boys who probably constitute the major audience for books like this. **The Realm Beneath** is neither better nor worse than most of the other Anthony imitations. It can be read independently of the earlier books in the series and is an entirely acceptable light entertainment for those uninterested in, or too young to appreciate, better work.

—Michael M. Levy

Icebergs, Not Oil, for Texas

da Cruz, Daniel. **Texas on the Rocks**. Del Rey, New York, April 1986, 293p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-345-31659-2.

This book is a sequel to **The Ayes of Texas** (Del Rey, 1982) but is an entirely separate story. Texas is now an independent Republic. Ripley Forte has dual citizenship in Texas and the U.S., and is the son of Gwiliam Forte, who saved Texas in the first book by destroying Russia's fleet.

Texas is in economic depression, the U.S. is suffering

from a severe water shortage, Forte's personal nemesis has teamed up with a U.S. presidential aspirant, and Russia is once again tampering with the affairs of Texas and the U.S. The answer to all these problems appears to be rooted in a bountiful supply of water, and Forte undertakes to supply it in the form of icebergs delivered to the coast of Texas.

Although several stories have been written about iceberg farming, this one brings enough plot elements together to make it interesting and enough technical detail to make it plausible. Despite a style which is more expository than conversational and a predictably macho ending, the book is recommended for an afternoon's pleasant diversion.

—W.D. Stevens

An Arabian Nights Story

Easton, M. Coleman. **Iskiri**. Popular Library/Questaer, New York, February 1986. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-445-20151-7.

Iskiri is Easton's second book to appear as a Questaer novel. The first was a tightly written character study of an old man and his female apprentice who were **Masters of Glass** (July 1985) in a magical "medieval" setting. The second book is entirely different, with a loose Arabian Nights plot and little characterization or narrative logic.

The story concerns Iskiri, a young man whose mountain village was destroyed by stone monoliths that surrounded it and then slowly slid together to crush all its life except him. Moving to the city, he works for his cousin, a sham magician in a country of magic, and falls in love with Adeh before the monoliths show up again to threaten his new home. The story then follows him and his cousin into the desert where they seek the help of a real magician who had lived in the mountain village. Iskiri turns out to have a latent magical talent, and the girl (conveniently) to have a complementary one, which enables them, with the help of the whole cast, to save the city. The villain turns out to be a fanatic religious cult which can turn dates into the enormous monoliths.

Despite this relatively uninspiring work, Easton should not be dismissed; he has a talent for unusual plot and setting.

—Patricia Hernlund

Second Gate: More of the First

Eshbach, Lloyd Arthur. **The Armet of the Gods**. Del Rey, New York, June 1986, 261p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-345-32463-3.

The second gate into the lands beyond the portal, the underworld, leads the hero, Alan Mac Dougal, into further trouble with the gods in this second entry of a quartet by old-style fantasy writer Lloyd Eshbach. (The first part of the series was **The Land Beyond the Gate**, FR 75, p. 12.) In a style similar to Merritt's, Eshbach presents a tale of all-powerful enemies and shape-shifting heroes, who travel back and forth through space-time, meeting a vast number of cardboard characters, all seeming to be either terribly good or incredibly bad.

The reviewer of the first volume admired the style, but could not recommend the work. Though the plot of this entry did hold my attention, I found the book to be too confusing in its plot and too simplistic in its theme and characterization. I can't recommend **The Armet of the Gods**, nor do I care to see what happens in the next part of the series. Skip all of it, if you're wise.

—Susan H. Harper

Horrible Imaginings

Etchison, Dennis, ed. **Cutting Edge**. Doubleday, October, 1986, 290p., [p]roofs \$16.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-305-23430-9. "Imagination," notes Death in Robert Bloch's "Reaper," "possesses a power of its own." In **Cutting Edge**, twenty-one imaginings focus on the contemporary landscape, creating nightmares both startling and provocative. The result is the best anthology of original horror fiction since Kirby McCauley's **Dark Forces** (1980).

The demons that infest **Cutting Edge** include "The Monster" that assaults two soldiers on a recon mission in Cambodia, in Joe Haldeman's graphic tale; the "bit of Olde

England" that comes to a dusty tourist trap in Arizona to stalk and kill, in William F. Nolan's "The Final Stone"; and Cha'Chat, a "sly and subtly malignant" devil who terrorizes Manhattan in Clive Barker's inventive, perverse "Lost Souls."

But these are not the horrors that dominate **Cutting Edge**. The greatest fiends of Etchison's anthology are not supernatural. They are the petty, relentless horrors of daily life: members of a monstrous family in Peter Straub's "Blue Rose" (FR 90), a maniacal homogeneity in Marc Laidlaw's wry "Muzak for Torso Murderers," sadists and masochists who "see the truth of the world," in Whitley Strieber's deeply pessimistic "Pain." These authors remind us how tenuous is our hold on life and sanity in a society whose rational facade is so easily rent. This view informs Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's terrifying tale of a 36-year-old secretary who becomes lost in discontinuities of memory following a freak automobile accident, and George Clayton Johnson's brilliant "The Man With the Hoe," in which debasements of ordinary life hammer an average man into madness and savagery. The same "lesser portions of ruthlessness" infect Paul in Steve Rasnic Tem's "Little Cruelties," as he seeks sanctuary for himself and his family, unaware that in a city permeated by "the disease of harshness" no place is safe. In the horror fiction of the eighties, what used to function as sub-text — fear that the "real world" itself is a horror — has come to the fore.

Yet supernatural forces are not absent from **Cutting Edge**. W. H. Pugmire and Jessica Amanda Salmonson contribute a quiet, effective ghost story, Ramsey Campbell a claustrophobic, Kafkaesque tale of a stranded traveler who must face a "test of [his] perceptions," and Nicholas Royle a Campbellesque story in which dreams and murderous reality intertwine.

Etchison's own stories, collected in **The Dark Country** (1982) and **Red Dreams** (1984), prove him a master of the art of horror; this anthology and his recent **Master of Darkness** (Tor, 1986) show him to be an equally gifted editor. The consistently high level of craftsmanship, the diversity of plot and character, and the undercurrent of compassion that ameliorates even the grimmest of these tales, make **Cutting Edge** well worth your time and money.

—Michael A. Morrison

Evading Euripides

Evsln, Bernard. **Jason and the Argonauts**. William Morrow and Co., New York, 1986, 165p. \$13.00 cloth. ISBN 0-668-06245-8.

Books such as **Jason and the Argonauts** perform the service of making traditional tales accessible to those who have missed the usual anthologies, and part of Evsln's attempt to reach his audience is to employ contemporary diction. In **Jason and the Argonauts**, his sometime narrator, Ekion ("Viper"), one of the three sons of Hermes by the Nymphs of the Grove, sounds modernly cynical and street-smart, and his speech is often not in harmony with the event or thing described (his reference to his brother, the poet Daphnis, as "goofy," is a case in point).

Evsln alternates effectively between Ekion's narration and an omniscient viewpoint, skillfully combining the several sources of the Jason story. His pacing is particularly effective in the section devoted to assembling Jason's crew, which is reduced in size compared to the traditional version, but still colorful; it ranges from Castor and Pollux (beautiful, loyal, and enormous) to the shipbuilder Argos (a classic portrait of the obsessive).

The Medea episodes are managed in a complicated and not fully satisfactory fashion. Evsln introduces the naiad, Lethe, who falls in love with Jason, and manipulates Eros into blighting the love between Jason and Medea. The tale is further complicated by Boreas, who loves Lethe, and thus is jealous of Jason. In a note at the end of the novel, Evsln indicates that the best-known ending of the story, that of Euripides, "is not what [I] would choose to emphasize."

But despite occasional narrative dissonance, the appealing old tale comes through. Recommended.

—Amelia A. Rutledge

Not a Sure Bet

Farren, Mick. **Phaid the Gambler**. Ace, New York, August 1986, 296p., \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-441-66232-3.

Following the collapse of a high-tech civilization, Earth is divided into divergent pocket-cultures separated by almost impassable zones of extreme heat and cold. Among these sometimes exotic, always violent communities moves Phaid, the protagonist, a worldly if slightly stupid gambler down on his luck. His journey toward, and eventually his adventures in, Chrystanville, capital of the great "Republic," are the subject of **Phaid the Gambler**. The concluding volume, **Citizen Phaid**, of this two volume novel (to be called *The Song of Phaid the Gambler*), is promised for next January, but the divided nature of the work is **NOT** noted on the cover!

Farren's future strikes me as the sort of world Gene Wolfe might imagine existing sometime between now and the age of the New Sun. It is nicely imagined, though Phaid himself is not particularly sympathetic or interesting. The picaresque plot, naturally encouraged by the fragmented geography through which Phaid moves, seems more than usually disconnected, but I take this to be the result of the publisher's division of a unified novel to make two books (**Phaid** was originally published in England by New English Library). The inter-relatedness of Phaid's adventures is certainly hinted at, but when the volume closes, rather abruptly, we are still waiting for significant action to begin.

I have a friend who won't read a magazine serial, waiting always for the complete novel. She'd be pretty annoyed with this book, as will anyone expecting closure. The "sequel" has a way to go to make the story worth \$7 in paperback. Half-hearted recommendation.

—Dave Mead

Women on Top

Felice, Cynthia. **Double Nocturne**. Bluejay, New York, June, 1986, 330p., \$16.95 cloth. ISBN 0-312-94114-5.

Cynthia Felice, whose several novels combine hard SF with action and romance on an exotic planet, has recombined familiar elements in **Double Nocturne**, her latest. A planet originally colonized by a mixture of convicts and religious fanatics (like 17th century America) has been isolated from its Homeworld for several generations. When its Artificial Intelligence fails, the society goes into cultural drift. A religious society develops in which men are the minority and subject to women. Meanwhile, a mission sent from Homeworlds to supply a new AI is shot down. Its captain and engineer are badly injured, and likely to die unless they can be returned to their orbiter.

A handsome young male pilot — the archetypal SF hero — attempts to rescue them, but he is also forced down. Since he knows nothing about the planet, he gets in trouble immediately, and is imprisoned as a spy. He must escape, find help, recover hislander and then its missing parts, signal the AI in his orbiter, and finally rescue his crewmates. Meanwhile his escape route exposes him to various dangers, including women who find him attractive and attempt to use him for their own pleasure or profit. At length he finds himself in love with a seductive beauty whom he cannot tell from her identical twin.

The weaknesses of **Double Nocturne** lie not in plot or setting, but in the clumsy way in which the author handles them. Her dialogue is wooden and unconvincing. She omits basic facts in her exposition, then tosses in unfamiliar terms as if she's forgotten that the reader does not know her universe as well as she does. Cultural details are not carefully worked out: I never did understand what was so special about the planet's religious orientation, or what the title referred to. Her use of shifting points of view is often confusing, and characters appear to behave illogically: in situations calling for tact and discretion, the supposedly experienced voyager hero is rough and macho, confirming the local belief that men are too impulsive to be trusted.

These flaws are less annoying as you get into the story, and if you can put up with them, you may enjoy this novel. A good editor, though, could have caught most of the flaws, and coerced the author into producing a better book.

—Lynn F. Williams

Running the 220

Fowler, Karen Joy. **Artificial Things**. Bantam/Spectra, New York, December, 1986, 240p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-553-0533-0.

26219-X.

In this slightly uneven collection of fourteen stories, Karen Joy Fowler sprouts an exuberant 220. Her prose is clean and crisp. Her ear for dialogue is sharp and true. The alternative universes she creates are dazzling; in one, a woman is grown like a vegetable on a space farm; in another, aliens are moths the size of human children -- with furry vestigial wings, hourglass abdomens, and stick-like limbs; in yet another a little girl hunting for her mother's necklace slips between the cracks in time and space and is caught in powerful winds of the between-place.

However, Fowler has trouble completing the 440. Her longer pieces are less successful. "The War of the Roses," a political fable about a people who would rather tend their roses than raise a strong strain of wheat to stave off famine, is long-winded and unfocused. Its dialogue is flat; its sixteen-year-old female protagonist unbelievable, and the plot too dearly allegorical.

More often, though, Fowler's stories are impressive, original, and carry a powerful narrative thrust. At times, she is splendidly lyrical: "A bird flew over ... in a beautiful arc, and then it became a baseball and began to fall in slow motion, and then it became death and she could not plot its trajectory." Sometimes her visions are whimsical, as in the story of creatures who smell like tuna fish and sound like chipmunks. More often her worlds are populated by the oppressed: Chinese, Jews, Native Americans, people pushed to the periphery of the dominant culture. Fowler excels, above all, at portraits of children and inquisitive, feisty, active women who believe in the poetry of experience and tell their prosaic men-friends so.

Yet beneath the often lovely surfaces of these stories lie serious questions. Whom can you trust, what is real and what artifice, what is human and what alien? At the edge of her protagonists' visions pulses an irrational universe. Any attempt at empirical knowledge is inconclusive. Behind the locked door, as one character discovers, is not illumination but more doors: "I tried to shut them, but they opened instead on horrible suspicions." Language itself, as Hesper, a poet who is slowly being overcome by telepathic moth children, realizes, is multiple in meaning: those who are taking her over can create no art "because their communication system is perfect.... Out of one brain and into the next with no loss of meaning, no need for abstraction. Art arises from the inability to communicate. Art is the imperfect symbol. Isn't it?"

--Lance Olsen

Hubris, Computer-Enhanced

Greely, Andrew M. *God Game*. Warner Books, New York, 1986, 308p. \$16.95 hardbound. ISBN 0-446-51264-8.

Father Andrew Greely has returned to fantasy in *God Game* (though, surprisingly, he does not list his earlier Arthurian Fantasy, *The Magic Cup*, among his other novels). In *God Game* Father Greely uses the device of real-life's interaction with a computer game, though not quite as it was used in the movie *TRON*. His protagonist, who seems very close to his series narrator, Father Blackie Ryan, becomes fascinated by and involved with the characters in the game, DUKE & DUCHESS (much the usual fantasy game and with a box-cover by Boris Vallejo, who also does the dust-jacket of the novel). "I"---the only name given to the novel's hero---is especially fascinated by the beautiful G'Ranne, who seems much like the legendary but historical Grania O'Malley. The story moves among the people in the game, with "I" playing God in their affairs; while in real-time we are treated to the not very interesting doings of a group of wealthy people, mostly of Irish descent, summering on the shores of Lake Michigan. Game and reality merge, not without some pop philosophy from "I," who compares his "story about a story, about a story" with similar works by Flann O'Brien, John Fowles, Andre Gide, and Mark Twain. A bit of hubris here? Not highly recommended.

--Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Dealing and Winning

Haldeman, Joe. *Dealing in Futures*. Ace Books, New York, September 1986, \$3.50 paperback. ISBN 0-441-14139-0.

Joe Haldeman's prose--clean, sharp, moving, provoca-

tive, and telegraphic--is always a pleasure to read. His second collection of short fiction provides no exception. The book includes ten short stories, a novella, three poems, and an interpolated running commentary. Except for one poem and the commentary all the pieces have been previously published, though it is a service to have them gathered up from the numerous magazines and anthologies where they first appeared. Joe is a slow writer and fans waiting for the third volume of his *Worlds* series will be grateful for this gathering of the fruits of his careful labor.

Although this collection is distinctively Haldeman, not only in style but in content (war, intrigue, bargains, and curses), it also shows the range of his skill. "Blood Sisters" and "More than the Sum of His Parts" are packed with (non-sexist) sex and violence. "A Tangled Web" and "Seven and the Stars" are effective light and humorous pieces. "Seasons" is a complex novella (I wish it were longer, a down-right novel) of anthropological SF. "Lindsay and the Red City Blues" is a creepy horror story and "You Can Never Go Back" returns us to the characters and world of *The Forever War*. The prose ranges from the straightforward to the experimental and from conversational to poetic, while retaining Haldeman's characteristic voice.

Haldeman links the stories with a commentary that discusses craft, sources, and connections. Besides "sucking you into the next story," the afterwords reveal something of the great care Joe takes in putting together a story. Indeed, if any criticism can be leveled against his writing it is that the craft is so meticulous, the telling so compact, that the reader wishes for a little sloppy expansion once in a while. This volume is highly recommended.

--Joan Gordon

Seeing Red

Harness, Charles L. *Redworld*. DAW, New York, 1986, 229p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-88677-125-0.

In a style that flows easily, Harness competently describes a red-tinted world whose credulity and fanaticisms make it all too like Earth. Yet in this land of witchburning, religious hysteria, and over-heated sexuality, actions unfold all too predictably. The religious mythology of *Redworld*, which includes a cosmic dualism, a Madonna, and a promised Revenant, is merely a caricature of what one finds, again, on the home planet of mankind. Earthman--or rather Woman--does leap up in a pseudo-messianic role. A major theme of the narrative, the quest for immortality, is never meaningfully explored, and the book loses its opportunity to capture the imagination. The result is a mildly entertaining read, recommended for those with hours to kill.

--Allene Stuart Phyllis

Existential Housework?

Irwin, Robert. *The Limits of Vision*. Viking, London, April 1986, 120p. L.B.95. ISBN 0-670-89797-4.

In this novel, published "in association with" Dedalus--the company which Irwin and two friends founded in order to publish their first books--presumably represents the author's ticket to literary respectability. I cannot think of anyone who deserves it more: his first novel, *The Arabian Nightmare*, is one of the best fantasy novels written this century, and the present short novel--a mere literary confection by comparison--is very funny; it sparkles with brilliance and has a truly superb ending.

Apparently Irwin, when he quit his full-time job (as a teacher of medieval history) in order to give more time to his writing, took over the duties of running the marital home. *The Limits of Vision* is a testament to his discovery of the fragile joys, incipient obsessions and painful anxieties of housework. Women, of course, have been doing housework for centuries (a fact acknowledged by Irwin's use of a housewife rather than a househusband as a central character), but it has taken a man to do the philosophical groundwork necessary to provide a competent existential analysis of the cosmic significance of domestic duties. (Among other things, this book provides a genuine challenge to those people who think men's minds are no different from women's--why did we have to wait for a man to do housework before this book could be written?) In these pages the pioneering Marcia carries

forward the great cosmic war against Mucor, the deity which presides over that evil force of corruption we call dirt, aided by Teilhard de Chardin, Darwin, and Charles Dickens, and philosophically inspired by Levi-Strauss and Sartre, while the ladies who come to her coffee morning try as best they can to fit into the scheme of things. The fierceness of the battle and the difficulty of achieving a lasting victory make this easily the most impressive heroic fantasy written since the war. I confidently predict that there will never be a better novel about housework, and that no real housewife will ever imagine a better sequel to *The Brothers Karamazov* than the one which Marcia whips up.

Robert Irwin is an extremely fine writer who is a sheer joy to read. Start buying up his first editions now, before he wins the Booker Prize and becomes famous.

--Brian Stableford

[The "philosophic groundwork necessary to provide a competent existential analysis" of housework was performed by Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex*, some 30 years ago; at best, Irwin's novel is simply building on her foundation. Anyway, Stableford's iteration of the book's plot sounds like a mere rehearsal of Pamela Zoline's matchless story "The Heat Death of the Universe." There were also the examples of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" and Kate Wilhelm's "The Downstairs Room" to coach Irwin to his heroic flight.

--Ed.]

Pure Lithium

Kellogg, M. Bradley, with William Rossow. *The Wave and the Flame: Vol. 1 of Lear's Daughters*. Signet/NAI, New York, June 1986, 352p. \$2.50 paper. ISBN 0-451-14269-1.

The scenario is not new. A lander from an orbiting ship has come to Flix to check out an advance probe's sighting of possible lithium sources, and the COMPLEX corporation's representative will authorize a whole planet of open pit mining if the lithium is there in sufficient quantity and quality. Opposing him are the expedition's linguist and anthropologist as well as some of the locals whose seemingly primitive culture is of no concern to COMPLEX. Further complications arise when the lander and the communications equipment are damaged, stranding the landing party on the planet's surface for no one knows how long.

But *The Wave and the Flame* is anything but a dull rehash of familiar sf plots and conflicts. Kellogg and Rossow manage to present a planet and its indigenous culture with the detail and flair that at times remind me of LeGuin, Herbert, and Brin at their best. Not bad company. The detail includes the people and their dwellings, habits, customs, rituals, crafts, etc.--an anthropologist's treasure trove. The fair includes linguistic as well as cosmic mysteries. Are the weather goddesses real, as the Savals' language suggests? And to what do the hints of a subtle technology beneath what seems to be only a rather sophisticated cave society point?

By the end of this long first book of the *Lear's Daughters* series, the stage is thoroughly set, the characters carefully drawn, and the reader frustrated because he cannot go right to the next volume. There are, to be sure, a few spots where the adjectives pile up a bit too high, and these future people do seem to know a lot about twentieth-century Earth. But these are, in the end, minor complaints about a book of deep texture. *The Wave and the Flame* is not a quick read, but it is highly recommended.

--C.W. Sullivan III

Satisfying Police Procedural

Killough, Lee. *Spider Play*. Popular Library, July, 1986, 232p., [proofs] \$3.50, paper. ISBN 0-445-20273-4.

Persuasively realized police stories are quite rare in science fiction; Lee Killough is the author of two: *The Doppelganger Gambit* and now *Spider Play*.

When a hearse is hijacked and a corpse mutilated, Sergeant Janna Brill and Mahlon "Mama" Maxwell of the Shawnee County (Kansas) Police Department's Crimes Against Persons squad (ca. 2080 A.D.) must discover whodunit and why. Their investigation takes them to an orbital space

factory in a case involving both industrial espionage and murder.

The procedural details and human behaviors of *Spider Play* are quite convincing; Killough's cops speak and act like policemen, not caricatures, thereof, and they solve the crime through energetic legwork, careful observation of clues, and the application of reason. The world in which Brill and Maxwell work is a believable -- if not cyberpunk-gritty -- future, and the detecting they do is consistent with that world. There are no magic "frannists" or *dei ex machinae* here.

While *Spider Play* is less flashy than some recent science fiction (I found the space station's bars cleverly imagined), it is a very solid, enjoyable work. Recommended with pleasure.

--Dave Mead.

Beware the Wild Deenas (DNA's)!

Lance, Kathryn. *Pandora's Children*. Questar/Popular Library, New York, May 1986, 288p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-446-2066-9.

Pandora's Children continues the story begun in *Pandora's Genes*. The setting is a future Earth where recombinant DNA has run wild and altered everything. There are no machines and women are slowly dying off from a genetic illness. The women scientists of "the Garden" are trying to find a cure while "the Principal" tries to reestablish civilization. His obstacle is "the Traders," a fanatical religious group dedicated to the destruction of all knowledge and science.

One of the scientists, Evvy, is kidnapped by the Traders to be sacrificed. The Principal (recovering from an injury), sends his brother Zach to rescue her. The plot revolves around these three characters with their conflicts, weaknesses and love for each other. Each of them is believable and real.

This is my first encounter with Ms. Lance's work. Her writing is smooth and flowing, with a solid balance of theme, action and romance. Readers will enjoy this book, but should read *Pandora's Genes* first to know what is going on.

--Debbie Ledesma

In The Footsteps of Lewis

Lawhead, Stephen. *The Siege of Dome*. Crossway Books, Illinois, June 1986, 458p. \$8.95 paper. ISBN 0-89107-381-7.

Like his philosophical mentor, C.S. Lewis, Stephen Lawhead is beginning to build a canon that is both respectable and informed by a Christian understanding of the world. Thus, it is impossible to discuss *The Siege of Dome* without also examining briefly what Lawhead has accomplished and what he plans to accomplish.

Lawhead's first fiction was a trilogy. In *The Hall of the Dragon King*, *The Warlords of Nin*, and *The Sword and the Flame* are indebted, as are all such fantasies, to Tolkien. Being derivative, though, is in this case not a criticism; the trilogy is good imitation Tolkien (complete with maps of Lawhead's secondary universe), depicting the perennial life-and-death struggle between good and evil, and the deadly but necessary quest. The trilogy reveals a depth of character not often found in heroic fantasy, as well as a sense of high drama, a thematic richness, and an elevated style and language that are worthy of *The Lord of the Rings*.

Dream Thief, Lawhead's next novel, is science fiction. It centers on Dr. Spencer Reston, a dream-research scientist on the space station "Gotham." Again, the novel can be favorably compared to the work of the Oxford Christians. It is not only similar in style to Lewis's "space trilogy," but is also infused with Christian theology and myth.

The Siege of Dome is the conclusion of what Lawhead calls the "Empyrian Saga." *The Search for Fierra* is the first book of the saga, and the publication of each marks the author's return to the heroic fantasy genre. Orion Treest is the hero of both books, but he is joined by all sorts of interesting companions. The books are episodic, as good sagas should be, and Lawhead continues to show a flair for description, character development, and thematic consistency.

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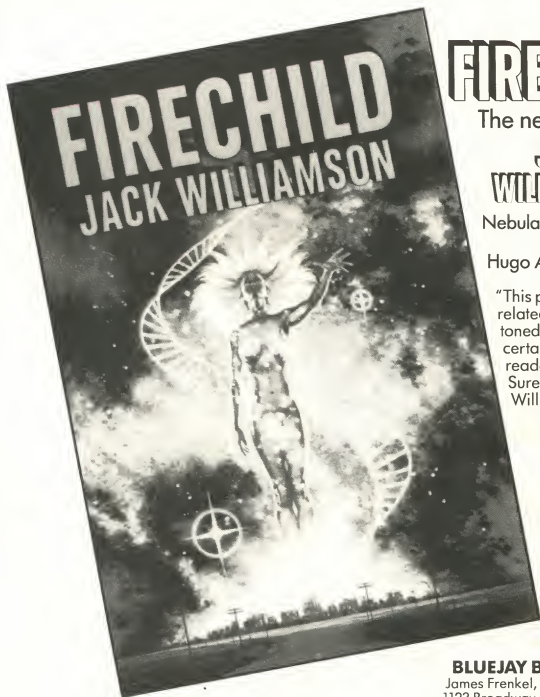
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The primary interest for Lawhead continues to be the struggle between good and evil which continually rages in the world and in the individual heart and mind.

The entire canon is impressive, and, even though the books may be read singly, the complete work develops a mythology and a world view that may be taken as a whole. I am most excited about Lawhead's next effort. Crossway has commissioned the author to write two volumes using Merlin as a central figure and the archetype of True Western Man. The two books will trace the connections between Arthurian romance, Atlantean myths, and Medieval history. Although the publisher has announced that the books will include Celtic and Mediterranean elements, it is obvious from reading the first books that Lawhead will emphasize Christian concepts in developing his vision of the Western ideal. If these two works follow in the impressive footsteps of Lawhead's earlier fiction, we can expect that Christian fantasy and science fiction will continue to build on the Tolkien/Lewis/Williams foundation.

--Vernon Hyles

The Street-Bum Wizards of Seattle

Lindholm, Megan. *Wizard of the Pigeons*. Ace, New York, January 1986, 214p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-441-89467-4.

More magical realism à la Bradbury than fantasy, this is the tale of Seattle's wizards, a small group of gifted people, known only to themselves, who circulate among the bums and street people of the city. They are compelled by the nature of their powers to dispense their special gifts to people in need. Euripides can grant wishes, while Wizard, the main character, can tell the "Truth," often about the future, to strangers he meets. The life of modern urban street people is portrayed in detail; the magic is focused in the four extraordinary/ordinary wizards and the encroachment of Mir, a gray doom which threatens to engulf them all.

Lindholm has created a fascinating, absorbing, and well-written fantasy, incorporating interesting characterizations with the history and topography of Seattle and the psychological turmoil of Vietnam vets. Recommended to all thoughtful readers.

--Diane K. Bauerle

Ancients vs. Moderns

Linzner, Gordon. *The Oni*. Leisure Books, New York, April 1986, 399p. \$3.95 paper. ISBN 0-8439-2341-5.

Gordon Linzner is well known in the small press as the man who has for the past twenty years published the magazine *Space & Time*, one of the better semi-professional SF/F magazines. Linzner's own fiction has also been appearing in *The Twilight Zone*, as well as in *Space & Time* and in his self-published book, *The Spy Who Drank Blood* (1985). *The Oni* is Linzner's first novel for a professional publisher.

The story is about an ancient Japanese demon, called an *oni*, who has been trapped inside the hilt of a ceremonial sword for centuries until it is accidentally released in modern-day New York. The story alternates between a typical "New York cops vs. monster-of-the-week" yarn and a much more interesting tale of the original appearance of the *oni* in Seventh Century Japan. Linzner's grasp of ancient Japan has been apparent in his *Twilight Zone* stories, and provides realism to the historical setting; particularly interesting is the background friction between Shinto and the first encroachment of Buddhism from China. I would have been intrigued to see an entire novel set in the earlier time period.

The Oni has all of the usual ingredients of modern horror, but they're put together in a refreshing way. In most horror novels, the first few victims are just monster-meat to introduce the supernatural villain before the main characters get involved; in *The Oni*, however, the death of the first victim is the springboard for her mother to come to New York, determined to hunt the creature down. The book has several interconnecting storylines, but occasionally Linzner sections off too much of one of them, resulting in disconcerting gaps between appearances of the other main characters. A few of the scenes seem to be mere padding and could probably have been omitted. Though Linzner's prose is

not artistic it is serviceable, and *The Oni* is a well-done book for modern-horror fans.

--Kevin J. Anderson

An Attractive Fantasy

Martin, Lori. *The Darkling Hills*. Signet/NAL, New York, September 1986, 336p. \$15.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-453-00515-2.

The publisher of *The Darkling Hills* bills it as a M.Z. Bradley clone, and one can certainly see its similarity to the fantasies of Bradley, Paxson, et al. Lindahne is one of those fantasy worlds we have encountered many times before--an isolated little country of hills, farms, palaces and temples, with a neighboring enemy, the Mendales. Martin's political slant is conservative--the bad guys are more or less democratic and freethinking, the good people support the values of aristocracy and religious piety--but her world is sexually egalitarian: there is a royal family in which the King and Queen take turns as rulers.

Dallena, crown princess and heir to the throne, is a devotee of the goddess Nialia, who has given her the gift of prophecy. However, when the goddess inspires her to fall in love with a young nobleman who belongs to an interdicted sect, her resulting pregnancy throws the royal court into chaos and gives the villain, evil Uncle Silius, a chance to take power just as an army of Mendales prepares to invade. And so on....

Although its themes and setting are over-familiar, *The Darkling Hills* is a surprisingly good book. Tiny Lindahne is vividly realized, the characters are believable and reasonably complex, and their fates both absorbing and moving. I should warn you, however, that the conclusion, though complete in itself, definitely requires a sequel, one I look forward to. Recommended.

--Lynn F. Williams

He Loved Tolkien

McKiernan, Dennis L. *Trek to Kraggen-Cor*: Book One of the Silver Call Duology. Doubleday, New York, May 1986, 189p. \$12.95 cloth. ISBN 0-15-2331-5.

This is a "sequel" to the author's Iron Tower trilogy (though it was written a year or two before). It is a typical first novel by a late-blooming author who was deeply impressed in adolescence by *The Lord of the Rings*. Its hero is Peregrin Fairhill (cf. Peregrin Took); his companion Cotton Buckleburrr speaks the English rusticities of Sam Gamgee. Other characters are dwarves, elves, men, and warrows (hobbits without hairy feet but with jewel eyes). Their quest is to reclaim the dwarves' lost underground palace from the evil monsters Spauen or Squam, and their daily adventures reflect early LOTR ones: a war council of mixed races to explain the background of the story to them and to the reader, a mountain blizzard, an octopus-tentacled monster lurking in a mere beside the sealed door of the underground kingdom. The book ends midway through the quest in order to provide for the obligatory second volume.

The language of the tale is painfully mannered with many a "whelm" and exclamation mark. ("Clang! Bang! Boom!" indicates action.) Characters rarely "say"; they "grit" or "rasp." It's pretty awful--yet one keeps reading. Within the gallimaufrey there is life, and movement, and invention. McKiernan can create such engaging creatures as the Passward Boru and his three sons and interestingly describe how swordhandling may be taught to rank amateurs in a short time. If he can abandon Tolkien, his next novel may have a full story worth one's full attention.

--Paula M. Strain

A Battle Against Words

McKiernan, Dennis L. *The Brega Path*. Doubleday, New York, 1986, 221p. \$12.95. ISBN 0-385-23352-3.

The Brega Path, the second novel in Dennis L. McKiernan's Silver Call Duology, depicts an excruciatingly detailed yet lifeless, two-dimensional fantasy world. This is a clear case of violating the first principle of writing; McKiernan has substituted for simpler, more graceful prose a compendium of names, parenthetical translations and

explanations, stilted soliloquies, and place-descriptions that read like geographical reports on the terrain. The plot-line is simplicity itself—Foregrin Fairhill and his friend Cotton Buckleburrr conclude the adventure they began in *The Trek to Kracken-Cor*. To help the Dwarves regain their lost realm, Perry must guide his companions along the dreaded underground Brega Path, then draw on hidden knowledge during a final battle to be fought against the invading Maggot-Folk. Yet a reader must fight an even more difficult battle to get any sense of concrete reality out of the labored prose. By the time this reader got to the novel's climax, the characters' griefs, labors, and triumphs had lost any appeal they might have had. What lacks in this duology is a major ingredient: emotional immediacy. All those words have killed it.

The Brega Path has appendices, lovingly fashioned after the Tolkien tradition, which take up 25% of the total number of pages in the novel. Beautifully organized, cross-checked, and tabulated, they almost make the story itself superfluous.

—Amanda Goldrick-Jones

Literate Entertainment

Miller, J.P. **The Skook**. Arrow, London, April 1986, 307p. L3.50 paper. ISBN 0-09-945850-0.

The Skook is a substantial and rewarding hybrid of many genres, going back to the early twentieth century *culpe du moi* novels by way of sixties' and seventies' self-actualization themes. Not in the least pretentiously, Miller has added fantasy and a little something of his own. (Not only that—the story partakes of the thriller as well.) Not as lurid or as dry as *Steppenwolf*, **The Skook** is the story of a middle-aged man who attains his destiny when he is trapped alone in a subterranean cavern and has to rely on himself—with the help of the mysterious "Skook," that is.

This novel explores the paradox that lies at the heart of all mankind's struggles in a complex world: who or what can we rely on? Is there anything we can trust in, some outside force, or is our hope for such aid merely a projection of our own need to have faith? Miller provides no easy answers.

The Skook is a tale well told, full of real-life people seen in ordinary and extraordinary circumstances. The descriptions of even mundane things are such as to touch a deep chord in the reader's mind, and the creature "Skook" stirs deep responses. If there is a single fault it is that the book is slightly too long. Comparing well to the best recent fantasy novels, **The Skook** is both an entertaining and an uplifting experience.

—Anne Gay

Trilogy Flies to Frantic Finish

Morris, Janet. **Beyond Wizardwall**. Baen, New York, June 1986, 278p., \$15.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-671-65544-2.

Poor Nig appears to be in for it at last. Roxane the witch is hot on his trail, various enemies are coming out of the woodwork and his best friend doesn't seem to be able to help. What to do?

Readers who have been caught up in the intricacies of Morris's *Thieves' World* trilogy (*Beyond Sanctuary*, *Beyond the Veil*) will gobble up this last installment, but a word to the wise: do not begin with this novel. Morris attempts no recap of the adventures and travails of her characters, and it's all too easy to get lost in complexities. Nonetheless, *Thieves' World* is in good hands.

—Susan L. Nickerson

Magical Egg

Mueller, Richard. **Jernigan's Egg**. Bluejay Books Inc., New York, June 1986, 384p. \$9.95, trade paperback. ISBN 0-312-94246-X.

Jernigan's Egg is a science fantasy full of spaceships, dragons, magic and psychic powers. The story takes place on a planet where magic works and there are races of elves, dwarves and goblins as well as humans. The main character of the book is Kevin Jernigan, an actor who gets caught up in events beyond his control. He acquires the mysterious Egg, an oval stone with occult powers, which his friend was

murdered for. Fleeing for his life, he ends up on a magical planet where he is proclaimed the returned hero Jorgan. He doesn't consider himself a hero, but being an actor, he takes on the role to help the people. Here, amid various intrigues, he learns about the mysterious powers of the fateful Egg.

This is the first book of a series called "The Trials of Jernigan". The book does have a conclusion, but still leaves many unsolved problems for Jernigan in the future volumes. Offering a decent blend of mystery, adventure, action and suspense, **Jernigan's Egg** makes interesting use of "magical" science and psychic powers. Recommended.

—Debbie Ledesma

A Minor Classic Revised

Pohl, Frederik and C.M. Kornbluth. **Wolfbane**. Baen Books, New York, June 1986, 248 pages. \$2.95, paperback. ISBN 0-671-65576-0.

Two hundred years after mysterious aliens drag Earth into the depths of interstellar space, kindling the moon as a substitute sun, humanity appears doomed. Two kinds of people survive: submissive Citizens, given to self-abnegation and meditation, and aggressive Wolves, who conceal their competitive natures. Mentally conditioned, both are used by the aliens as biological control devices. Until one Wolf wakes to discover that humans can fight back.

Originally published in 1959, **Wolfbane** is one of the lesser collaborations of Pohl and Kornbluth (*Space Merchants*, *Gladiator-At-Law*). Although the present version, revised by Pohl, claims "substantial" difference from the original, I found no substantive change worth noting. Recommended to those who haven't read the original.

—Dave Mead

Study War No More

Pournelle, Jerry and John F. Carr, eds. **Warrior**. [There Will Be War, Vol. V] TOR, New York, July 1986, 384p. \$2.95 paperback. ISBN 0-812-54595-7.

Warrior anthologizes original and reprinted SF stories, poems by Kipling, Housman, and Sarnecki (about soldiers), and generally "right-wing" essays on military issues, including the Strategic Defense Initiative. The poems and stories of this volume of **There Will Be War** focus on the individual soldier/warrior responding to a variety of "combat" situations.

Three of the eleven short stories—which include work by Pournelle, Mack Reynolds, and Gordon R. Dickson—are memorable: Edward P. Hughes's "The Wedding March," Harry Turtledove's "The Road Not Taken," and David Drake's "The Interrogation Team." I particularly enjoyed Hughes's tale of husband-hunting in a post-nuclear-holocaust Irish village; the folk of Barley Cross deserve a book of their own. Turtledove's story, originally published in *Analog* in November 1985, is reminiscent of Christopher Anvil's *Pandora's Planet*, pleasantly reworking the old theme of the vulnerable invading alien. However, the most important story in the volume is Drake's; "The Interrogation Team" should make even the most dedicated lover of science-fictional war pause for moral stock-taking.

Despite the presence of Drake's story, **Warrior** is recommended only to disciples of Pournelle.

—Dave Mead

Dumas in Space

Powers, Tim. **Forsake the Sky**. TOR, New York, April 1986, 217p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-812-54973-2.

Octavio had always been a backwater planet, and the collapse of the interstellar Dominion only made it more so... In this very funny novel, Tim Powers makes shameless use of the oldest conventions of space opera, telling the story of Frank Rovzar, son of a famous painter killed in a coup which brought a new Duke to power. From fugitive swordfighter to King of Thieves, Frank moves in a world that owes more to the 17th century than to SF, although the author reminds us with a few playful anachronisms (T-shirts and typewriters) that technology has not entirely disappeared, only become rare and expensive.

There is no need to elaborate on the basic revenge plot which moves the book along. Although Powers claims to have touched up only slightly this early work (originally published in 1976 as **The Skies Discovered**), the writing is quite up

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to par, and the many fights and subplots which take up much of the book are quite well handled. Powers already exhibits the humor which marked his Philip-Dick-award-winning *The Anubis Gates*, especially in the tongue-in-cheek, coincidence-ridden discovery of the lost Ducaal heir.

The literal underworld in which much of the action takes place is a grand, fantasy version of the London sewers; the sunken streets span more than a dozen levels, and boast all the conveniences of surface life. This first novel may lack the full cleverness and intricacy of *The Anubis Gates*, but it has the same kind of humorous energy, and shows the author's personal touch in the unusual fate of his not-so-upbeat hero. A fast, enjoyable read.

--Pascal J. Thomas

A Less Commercial Anthology

Rey, Pierre K., ed. *Univers 1986*. J'ai Lu, France, May 1986, 382p. FF26.00 paper. ISBN 2-277-22012-4.

Under its new editor, the yearly anthology from the most commercial SF publisher in France has taken even more of a turn towards the literary, eschewing the "easy read." There are four non-fiction pieces (three articles, one interview), including an article by Jean Chesneau about J.G. Ballard (which does remain at the popular level implied by *Univers*'s circulation of about 30,000).

The good news is that the number of original French-language stories is at a record high (six out of 14); the bad news is that few of these are really good—two, maybe: those by Colette Fayard, a new writer, and Pierre Giuliani, an old hand, who alas seems tired of SF.

The selection of translations is slanted towards the literary end of the field, with good work from R.A. Lafferty, Kim Stanley Robinson, Gardner Dozois, as well as two excellent and unusual choices, Connie Willis's "All My Darling Daughters" and Carter Scholz's "The Nine Billion Names of God."

Large libraries with an interest in foreign SF should obtain this collection.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Harvey Ain't a Rabbit

Robbins, David. *The Wereling*. Leisure Books, New York, 1986, 336p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-8439-2343-1.

Harvey dislikes his drunken mother. Harvey dislikes couples necking at night on the Dunes, his favorite stretch of beach for nocturnal ramblings near Ocean City, New Jersey. Harvey likes muscle building, fictional werewolves, and his expensive werewolf costume. The Spirit of the Wolf likes Harvey, and Harvey becomes the Wereling.

I liked *The Wereling*, a werewolf novel with an original twist and a touch of James Herbert. This novel is, however, clearly the work of someone still learning his craft, for the crafting shows. Without the first chapter and the last page, this would be a novel of psychological terror, not a horror-fantasy novel. The Spirit of the Wolf shows up nowhere else. And when Allan Baxter, the "tracker," shows up for the second time, it is so late in the story that we have to be shown that he can track a hamster through a garden, if only to remind us of who and what he is.

The novel's most serious flaw is that there is no one character who is consistently pitted against Harvey, despite the fact that several characters, Allan in particular, are apparently being groomed for the role early in the book. In view of the fact that this novel—unlike *Carrie*, for example—does not provide us with a close and sympathetic study of its "monster's" character, *The Wereling*'s lack of a clear protagonist-antagonist relationship seriously detracts from the book's impact.

Nevertheless, I recommend *The Wereling*. Its writing is crisp and clean, its pace is fast, and its plot never wanders. *The Wereling* may not be a masterpiece, but is clearly the work of a very talented journeyman.

--Viktor R. Kemper

Competent Fantasy Series Continues

Roberson, Jennifer. *Legacy of the Sword* [Chronicles of the Cheysuli: Book Three] DAW, New York, April 1986, 384p.

\$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-88677-124-2.

Volumes one and two of this series, *Shapechangers* and *The Song of Homana*, related the adventures of Carillon, Prince of Homana, and his successful attempt to gain a throne. Volume three, *Legacy of the Sword*, takes place many years later and stands fairly well on its own.

Carillon, his body prematurely aged by black magic, is dying. This novel's hero is Donal, heir apparent to the throne. Donal, however, has mixed feelings about his inheritance because he is only half human. His father was Cheysuli, a shapechanger, and Donal shares that ability. Further complicating his life is the hatred that human beings bear for his race. In order to succeed as the next king of Homana, Donal must overcome both this hatred and his own inner confusion, not to mention the blackest sorcery.

Roberson is a competent, but not very original, writer, and her series is heavily derivative of both C.J. Cherryh (to whom this novel is dedicated) and Katherine Kurtz. There's a lot of fiery emotion here, much description of clothing, and a fair amount of discussion of how awful and evil the enemy is. Still and all, *Legacy of the Sword* will appeal to regular readers of heroic fantasy.

--Michael M. Levy

Xenophobic Probes

Rohan, Mike Scott. *Run to the Stars*. Ace, New York, May 1986, 245p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-441-73663-7.

An orbital launcher crashes off the coast of Scotland after releasing a mysterious deep-space probe. The pilot survives only to be murdered. Witness to it all is Sea Station Security chief Mark Bellamy, who investigates and discovers high-level government involvement. A few deaths later, machinations are revealed: first contact with alien life has been made, but a xenophobic bureaucracy is keeping it quiet and, what's more, intends to squelch it for good, via the probe—it's a relativistic missile aimed at the source of the alien transmission.

Now persona non grata, Bellamy emigrates to the only remaining interstellar colony ship, which is languishing in earth orbit for lack of funding (its sister ship has successfully reached Epsilon Eridani, a habitable planet). Once accepted as a member of the colony, Bellamy quickly proves himself a resourceful fugitive, leading commando raids on various earth sites to rejuvenate the ship's declining ecology and to replace its outdated equipment. The forays are a (costly) success, and the colony ship leaves earth orbit for an encounter with the probe, the probe's warship escort, and the aliens, who have their own rather surprising, xenophobic reply.

Rohan shows considerable skill in handling the political, economic and social underpinnings of interstellar colonization—that delicate interplay between cyclical Zeitgeist and the problems special to relativistic time. And though his utilitarian prose is often as colorful as winterlight on a Scottish loch, Rohan's eye for detail and his many astute insights into human nature entitle him a rather straightforward plot and help quell the exasperation caused by iffy coincidental happenings at story's end.

--Barry H. Reynolds

The Quest of the Warrior Turtle

Ruse, Gary Alan. *Morlac: The Quest of the Green Magician*. Signet/NAL, New York, August 1986, 396p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-451-14447-3.

Morlac, a turtle, is transformed into a warrior by the magician Sordros, who uses a corpse to give Morlac human form. The book is the story of Morlac's quest for the magician (not of, as in the title). We are told early on that revenge is not the point; we hope that Morlac doesn't want to resume his separate turtle and corpse identities. Despite this uncertainty, there is little suspense generated by the quest. Morlac meets Glendauna, a werewolf; they discover how to control her transformations with an amulet. They fall in love. Meanwhile, Morlac's friend Broct has shown up, although he was thought dead. Broct is a former octopus, now a humanoid with six arms and two legs. (He also has a ring that ejects an inky cloud, for escapes.) Broct is the most interesting character: he has a sense of humor. Later on, he finds a lover, Rila the red-haired pickpocket. The trio

and then quartet fight their way across "most of the eastern hemisphere" of the mythical planet of Norda. Friends and villains come and go, die or live.

Ruse's inventiveness is high, his prose style is usually all right, and his intentions are earnest even if the plot doesn't suggest it. Moderately recommended.

--Patricia Hernalund

Surrealistic Parallel History

Ryman, Geoff. *The Unconquered Country*. Unwin, London, August 1986, 134p. £2.95 paper. ISBN 0-04-823314-5.

Following Geoff Ryman's impressive first novel *The Warrior Who Carried Life*, Unwin have now reprinted his World Fantasy Award-winning novella *The Unconquered Country*. This version is slightly expanded from the one which appeared in *Interzone*, but it has been adapted for book publication mainly by using large print and inserting a number of very effective illustrations.

The story told in the novella is the biography of a peasant girl caught up in events which parallel the history of Cambodia during the last couple of decades. Her unconquered country is a rather more bizarre realm where houses and warplanes are living beings, and this surrealization is a narrative device by which Ryman seeks to generate a reaction in his readers which cold realism could not provoke. Some readers may find that this will not work for them, but others will find it affectively powerful. It is, in any case, neatly and elegantly done. Ryman has already proved himself to be a writer who can generate considerable intensity of feeling, and there is a good deal of originality in the perspectives which his imagination provides. He is the most promising new writer to have appeared in Britain in the last couple of years.

--Brian Stableford

Second Time Around

Saberhagen, Fred. *The First Book of Lost Swords: Woundhealer's Story*. TOR, New York, 1986, 288p. \$14.95 [puffs]. ISBN 0-312-93243-X.

An examination of the history of the publication of the first three books of Saberhagen's *Swords* series reveals the fact that the novels were originally intended to be an accompanying text for a game proffered by Saberhagen. Apparently not successful, the game faded so quickly that by the third book there was no reference to it. In *Woundhealer's Story* one would never know that such a plan had ever been forecast. Still, there are many similarities to the first three books, though now the title refers to lost swords.

In this entry, Prince Mark of Tasavalt enters upon the quest for a sword, *Woundhealer*, which will cure his son's blindness and seizures. Found, the sword is stolen, then regained, but fails to heal the boy. The search is then for the reason for this failure. All is explained in the end, magic triumphs, the problem resolves. Nothing in quest fantasy should be as easy as it seems; Saberhagen manages to make this quest too transparent to hold interest. Simplistic characterizations and overly blunt dialogue make this book both boring and trite. Not recommended.

--Susan H. Harper

Interplanetary Ballooning

Shaw, Bob. *The Ragged Astronauts*. Gollancz, London, July 1986, 310p. £9.95 cloth. ISBN 0-575-03639-7.

Shaw's latest novel is his largest and most ambitious; it is also more fantasy than SF. This is evidenced by the fact that, in the universe he has created here, the value of pi is exactly three. And, having given himself the liberty of rewriting physical laws, Shaw postulates a pair of planets that orbit closely enough to possess a common atmosphere.

The setting is merely a device to enable Shaw's main plot thrust to work: a balloon migration by near-humans from one of these planets to the other. It's a staggering concept, marvelously audacious on the part of author and participants alike, and a lot of fun to read. What Shaw has done is to take a good many clichés (an angry young man, a stock medieval civilization, an unintelligent but implacable alien menace, a love interest quite obvious to all except the

protagonist, personal hatred culminating in a duel to the death, and others too numerous to list) and rearrange them in an exciting fashion.

Disparate sub-plots entwine; fortunes change; years pass. Our hero, Toller Marquaine, begins as a firebrand—a man whose temper makes him enemies—and goes on to mature, to serve as personal assistant to the kingdom's chief philosopher, to distinguish himself in the army, and to command a successful balloon flight from Land towards its twin planet, Overland.

Shaw has several times, in previous novels, cut his plots short. Here, in his best book, he shows that he can tell a larger story better than a smaller one. Furthermore, although this book is complete in itself, two more are being written with the same background.

--Chris Morgan

Hard SF, Great Plot, Wonderful Characters

Sheffield, Charles. *The Nimrod Hunt*. Baen Books, New York, August 1986. 401p. \$3.50, paper. ISBN 0-671-65582-5.

In mood, setting, characters and fast pace, this story is reminiscent of *The Web Between the Worlds* (Ace, 1979). The several principle characters all have their own private agendas which generate various subplots, all coming together in one complex story.

Several powerful and dangerous bio-engineered "constructs" have killed their makers and escaped into space. The human-alien alliance comprising the Stellar Group has put the two humans responsible for the problem in charge of its solution. Their own competition for power shapes the methods they use.

Although the plot can be summarized simply, the depth of background detail, including both space- and decadent Earth-cultures, several forms of believable aliens, vast technical and engineering achievements, intelligent computers, extra-solar planets, and much more make this a book to read and enjoy more than once.

Those who have read Sheffield before will need no urging to grab this one. Those not familiar with Sheffield are to be both pitied and envied; pitied because of what they've missed, and envied because there can be no better introduction to his work than this novel. Recommended without reservation.

--W.D. Stevens

Vagabond King: A Silverberg to Savor

Silverberg, Robert. *Star of Gypsies*. Donald I. Fine, Inc., September 1986. \$18.95 cloth, 395p. ISBN 0-917657-92-6.

Star of Gypsies is the confessional autobiography of Yakoub, legitimate King of the Gypsies, a galactic race in the 32nd century. 172 years of age, Yakoub, a querulous, wistful narrator, explains his self-exile on the ice-world of Mulano as a strategic retreat meant to shake his people, the Rom (the gypsies of old, lost Earth), from their complacency so that they will strive to reclaim their heritage, the Romany Star. From there they came to Earth 100,000 years ago. When the sea destroyed their island kingdom of Atlantis, they were set on the wandering course for which they are famous in our own time. On Mulano, Yakoub spends years reflecting on his past, his options and his responsibilities, and debating these and other topics with his infrequent visitors. (You don't need a spaceship to travel in the year 3150, only an encapsulating net that folds away like a raincoat. Blithe spirits move about the galaxy in forcefields moved by spider-web-like rays.)

This is very good Silverberg, a work in keeping with the emotional direction of his later fiction, though without the spiritual pain of, say, *Dying Inside* or *Thorns*. His story of the galaxy--weary hero Yakoub has much to teach about mortality and responsibility. Yakoub's relaxed irony will remind some readers of King David's temperament in Joseph Heller's *God Knows*, and the novel's perspicacious wisdom places it in the high company of Marguerite Yourcenar's *Midnight*, Robert Graves' *I Claudius*, and James Clavell's *Shogun*. Given this book's heavy emphasis on the philosophical, the elegiac, and the mystical, lovers of action in SF may lose patience in its first half, and nuts-and-bolts fans will object to Silverberg's carefree solutions to such problems as faster-than light travel. But those who love SF that deals with important questions will be delighted with

Star of Gypsies which attempts to answer Elliot Rosewater's famous dying query, "What are people for?" Yakoub's implicit answer must rank with the best of provisional wisdom: the reduction of thuggery, the increase of joy and merry-making, pride in family and tribe, the impulse to one's star. For all libraries and back pockets.

--Thom Dunn

Murderous Luminescence

Tessier, Thomas. **The Fates**. Berkley, New York, July 1986, 217p. \$3.50 paper. ISBN 0-425-09083-3.

Originally published in Great Britain in 1978, Thomas Tessier's first novel, **The Fates**, lacks both the literary and psychological depth of his more famous, more recent horror novels--**The Nightwalker** and **Phantom**.

Set in rural Connecticut, this loosely constructed tale depicts a small town besieged by mysterious blue lights that contain malignant, murderous creatures. Early casualties include a pregnant cow, a middle-aged chess fanatic, and a "hip" young couple into kinky sex. An interesting sidelight has a couple of the town kids mistaking the blue light phenomenon for a visitation from the Virgin Mary.

While not without its scary and/or satisfying moments, **The Fates** is second-rate Tessier. A basic problem is that it doesn't have much of a plot. While not a particularly bloody horror novel, **The Fates** somewhat resembles a slasher movie, with murder following murder until there's no one left to be killed. Recommended for those interested in Tessier's development as a novelist, but not as an introduction to his work.

--James B. Hemesath

Yuppies and Satanists

Tigges, John. **The Immortal**. Leisure Books, New York, 1986, 397p. \$3.95 paper. ISBN 0-8439-2350-4.

The Immortal clearly assumes a mass market reader seeking horrific shocks and sexual thrills. By means of hypodermic syringes and sexual vampirism, Sebastian Synn has appropriated the "essence of life" of a series of victims and achieved preternatural longevity. As the novel opens, he is plotting to seduce a young couple, Riley and Melanie, to join his cult of Satan worshippers. **The Immortal's** style is distractingly awkward, and its many descriptions of sexual intercourse are especially stilted. The novel's main problem, however, is its curious gentility: the Satanic predators behave so decorously that the reader does not believe them capable of the mayhem attributed to them.

While the novel is not very successful as the exploitation the cover leads one to expect, it provides an interesting comment on the materialistic 1980's. To ensnare Riley and Melanie, the Satanists offer not power, knowledge, or sensual pleasure, but money exclusively. A part-time janitor and free-lance journalist, saddled with \$900 a month alimony payments, Riley is so harassed financially that the prospect of wealth is irresistible. It is, furthermore, a sign of our times that, lacking economic safety nets, the couple fear involvement with the police. Assigned to investigate murders committed by the Satanists, Lieutenant Hongisto is both shrewd and compassionate. Yet Riley repeatedly withholds vital information from him, and Melanie does not call him to come to their rescue even when she is certain they face a hideous death. The couple are so afraid the police will hold them responsible for crimes they have witnessed that they prefer losing body and soul in a Satanic ritual.

--Wendy Bousfield

Thirteen Hatchlings of Horror

Tuttle, Lisa. **A Nest of Nightmares**. Sphere Books, London, April 1986, 208p. L2.50 paper. ISBN 0-7221-8649-5.

"Into the worlds of loneliness, anxiety and fear..." warns the cover blurb, and this superior collection of thirteen downbeat horror stories certainly lives up to this promise.

I'm not sure what Lisa Tuttle has against small children of happy families, but in almost half the tales children or their parents come to nasty ends--often at the hand of each other. For example, in the wonderfully titled "Dollburger," a lonely little girl is unknowingly manacled by the sentient dolls

she tries to protect, while the bizarre premise of "Stranger in the House" has a woman inexplicably thrown back to her own childhood, where she waits in the darkness to replace her younger self.

The remaining tales range across an impressive spectrum of original terrors: the best of these include "Threading the Maze," a Jamesian ghost story involving a mythological turf-maze and a dead husband who waits at its center; "Sun City," wherein the witness to a rape is pursued by an ancient Mexican god clad in tattered human skin; "The Nest" in which two women move into an old country house and discover they are sharing the attic with something; and the ultimate Guest of Honor nightmare, "Flying to Byzantium," with an insecure writer trapped in a terrifyingly real SF convention from which there appears to be no escape.

Each story included here has been published before in an anthology or magazine, but collected together they impress with their subtlety, scope and remarkable power. **A Nest of Nightmares** is without doubt one of the finest collections of horror stories to appear for many years. On the basis of this volume alone, Lisa Tuttle has become a major force in macabre fiction.

--Stephen Jones

Bobbing into the Future

Vinge, Vernor. **Marooned in Realtime**. Bluejay Books, New York, September 1986, \$17.95 ISBN 0-312-94295-8.

In his Hugo-nominated novel, **The Peace War**, Vernor Vinge explored the idea of the bobbie, a stasis field that held its contents free from the flow of time. The bobbie was developed as the perfect defense against nuclear weapons but ended up becoming a weapon in itself. In **Marooned in Realtime** it becomes the instrument of one-way time travel, both inadvertent and deliberate.

As the story begins, Wil Brierson, a minor character in **The Peace War**, has been bobbed by crooks he was pursuing and ends up fifty million years in the future. By that time humanity has disappeared, and only a few hundred people from the 21st and 22nd centuries remain. Some, like Brierson, are inadvertent victims of bobbling, others are criminals or political prisoners sentenced to exile in time and a few are deliberate jumpers from the high-tech era of the 22nd century, just before the disappearance of mankind. Brierson resumes his career as a policeman to investigate the murder of one of the colony's founders. He finds himself caught in the struggle between various political factions from his own era as well as the conflict between the people of the 21st and 22nd centuries.

Although Vinge continues to examine the implications of the bobbie, he has added other levels of speculation to this novel, the major one being the effects of unrestrained technological change and the problems that result when people from wildly different technological backgrounds are brought together. Coupled with a suspenseful detective-story plot, the result is a novel that will probably keep most readers up late. But Vinge never answers the biggest question of the book, just what did happen to the human race in the 23rd century? Still, with its combination of solid SF speculation and suspenseful entertainment, **Marooned in Realtime** should be at least as successful as **The Peace War**.

--Keith Soltyz

The Thrill of Economics

Watt-Evans, Lawrence. **Shining Steel**. Avon, New York, June 1986, 216p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-380-89671-0.

Despite the dreadful packaging and the inane blurbs on the front and back cover, Evans's **Shining Steel** is a readable, in fact enjoyable book. John Mercy-of-Christ is the hero, a sort of combination Conan and Billy Graham. Large groups of people have fled the earth to set up planetary feudal kingdoms based on Biblical teachings. Generations have passed, tribes have increased, and each tribe claims to be the sole possessor of Truth. Each is ready to defend that truth in battle, to proselytize with sword and shield. John battles heretics on Godsworld--successfully until the ancient, banished sons of automatic weaponry, plastic, soft cushions, and wanton women are brought from Mother Earth by the New Bechtel-Rand Corporation. The balance of the war is upset on Godsworld, and peace is achieved through the Satanic

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seduction of trade and commerce. After corporate battle and the thrill of economics, mere hacking and hewing in the name of God hold little excitement for John-Mercy-of-Christ.

This is the author's second book (the first, also published by Avon, is *The Chromosomal Code*), and aside from the hokey ending (tributed from Heinlein), *Shining Steel* works as a novel. Watts-Evans mixes fundamentalist Christianity and capitalism in a believable manner, and the obvious parallel to today's religious fervor in conservative camps does not detract from the well-told story.

--Vernon Hyles

Top-Notch

Williamson, Jack. *Firechild*. Bluejay, New York, September 1986, 384p. \$17.95 [proofs] ISBN 0-312-94165-X.

I heard Jack Williamson read an excerpt from a work-in-progress at the 1984 SFRA meeting, and I have been eagerly anticipating its book publication ever since. This finely crafted work is well worth the wait. It is Williamson at his best, with a good SF idea (creation of a new life form through genetic engineering), cold war machinations (the religious far right, KGB agents, scientists, and the frightened public, all seeking control of the new creature), and several believable and likable characters.

The first three chapters set the tone. Adrian Clegg, right wing "Soldier of God" visits EnGene Laboratories in an unsuccessful attempt to convince Dr. Victor Beleraft, an idealist who desires only to improve the lot of humanity, and his colleagues (most of them less idealistic) that their research is a challenge to God and a danger to mankind; Anya Ostrov, KGB agent, is ordered to America to attempt to obtain "The American Weapon"; Saxon Beleraft, smalltown M.D., disturbed by an unusual phone call from his brother Victor, arrives at Enfield just in time to be turned back by police at the edge of the fiery destruction of unknown origin that has consumed both town and laboratory. It is Beleraft who discovers the only living survivor: Alphamega, a tiny, pink wormlike creature that radiates love and friendship.

Alphamega's rapid and humanoid growth, Clegg's recall to active duty to take charge of locating the "weapon," and the imperious demands of Anya's superiors for her to capture or destroy whatever caused the disaster, lead to a tangled series of events and alliances. The story is finely paced, and Alphamega and her protectors and enemies keep the reader alert and fascinated till the last page.

--Arthur O. Lewis

Remembering the Gods

Wolfe, Gene. *Soldier of the Mist*. TOR, New York, November 1986, 335p. \$15.95 hardcover [proofs]. ISBN 0-312-93734-2.

The artistry, talent, and hard work which Gene Wolfe brings to his writing are unequalled in the sf field. His latest book is another impressive performance, admirably written and a delight to read.

From the far future of the "New Sun" tetralogy, Wolfe has now turned to the distant past of pre-classical Greece at the time of the Persian War. The book is narrated by Latro, a mercenary in the Persian army who is wounded in the head and, as a result, loses his long-term memory: he can remember at most one day into the past, except for some recollection of his childhood. To preserve continuity in his life, Latro records the passing events in a series of scrolls. It is the first of these scrolls that Wolfe has here "translated" for us.

As a kind of poetic compensation for his loss of memory, Latro becomes able to see and hear the gods as they intervene in various ways in the lives of men. The book records his search for his past and his identity, sometimes helped and sometimes hindered by the gods. He lives in the present, meeting his friends again every day, learning every day who he is and what his goal is, but at the same time being able to see more clearly than his fellows, since he must every day understand the world anew.

Wolfe has taken pains to render the world of the ancient Greeks as precisely and penetratingly as possible, so that it comes to life again for the reader. One meets here a world charged with mystery and with the presence of the gods. Latro, whose native language is not Greek, translates most of the Greek words he meets, including the names of

cities and places so that Athens, for example, is called "Thought." The effect is to break through the preconceptions the reader may have about the period, allowing him to experience it anew.

This fascinating book is clearly the first in what promises to be a major new series: It ends with the sentence "These are the last words of the first scroll." I look forward to the rest!

--Fernando Quadros Gouveia

Fossil SF

Zahn, Timothy. *Cascade Point*. Bluejay, New York, March 1986, 405p. \$16.95 cloth. ISBN 0-312-94041-6.

A physicist, Zahn reinforces the view that today's vital SF owes more to biology and computer science (see Sterling's *Shaper/Mech* series, Bear's *Blood Music*, Preuss's *Human Error*) than to physics and engineering. Indeed, many stories in this collection read as if they had come from the 50's. Astounding rather than the 80's Analog, and their cliched concepts are not redeemed by their treatments (e.g., "The Giftie Gie Us," "The Energy Crisis of 2215," "The Dreamsender," "Dragon Pax"). Freshness appears only in the change of gimmicks.

Many of the stories, especially the stronger ones, make use of psi powers, a very "non-scientific" device. So "The Cassandra," which manages more psychological depth than the rest, or "...Lifetime Experiment." Uncharacteristically set on a non-technological planet, "The Shadows of the Evening" would feel like fantasy if it did not deal with the personal tragedies caused by technical obsolescence. Clovenly enough, Zahn's solution is a psi discipline aimed at dissipating the accursed Shadows which gather around all technological objects. (Zahn distinguishes this story by giving it a sequel, published here for the first time.)

The collection is enlivened by two Sheekleyan bits ("Teamwork" and "Job Inaction") but the title story stands head and shoulders above the rest, because it mixes with more ingenuity its technical gimmick (star travel through alternate universes) with its powerful images (the doubles of various characters appear, reflecting the choices in their lives). Probably, too, because its hardboiled starship captain refrains from spouting too much ideology. Zahn makes excellent use of mathematics in this story, and I can only regret his sketchiness in the psychological portraits, especially in the case of Bradley, whose mental troubles are never really identified.

Zahn brings more ingenuity than average to a very tried subgenre, but his mediocre style seldom saves his stories. The more recent samples of his prolific output seem to show more promise, but the bulk of this volume is for Analog fanatics only.

--Pascal J. Thomas

YA Fiction



Vesper Holly Adventuress

Alexander, Lloyd. *The Illyrian Adventure*. Dutton, New York, 1986, 132p. \$12.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-525-44750-2.

Vesper Holly springs to life in the first sentence of this book in such a stunning way that one can only dash onward, reading to see if the heroine will really be as remarkable as her introduction leads one to believe. She becomes more remarkable with each page. Orphaned at sixteen, the shrewd

Vesper cons her new guardian into setting off to the mythical land of Ilyria, there to save her father's reputation and to discover the truth about his death. There is a war in Ilyria: which faction should Vesper side with? The King? Or are the rebels correct? Did her father find the vanished treasure? Did the mysterious warriors exist?

Alexander's books are already favorites with young adults and this new entry can only increase that reputation. Vesper does not merely live on the page, she tears across it. She is never more than two steps ahead of trouble but always more than a dozen ahead of her guardian Brinnie. Readers had better run to get this book and hope that Alexander has more in store for us with Miss Holly.

--Susan H. Harper

Not So Hideous

Hoke, Helen and Franklin Hoke, eds. **Horri-fic and Hideous Hauntings**. Lodestar/Dutton, New York, 1986, 116p. \$14.95 hardbound. ISBN 0-525-67179-X.

Frankly, the title is not really descriptive of the contents of this anthology of nine short stories, intended for young adults, which include such familiar (at least to mature readers) titles as Dorothy Sayers's "The Cyprian Cat," Robert Bloch's "That Hell-Bound Train," Algernon Blackwood's "A Haunted Island," and Ray Bradbury's "Fever Dream," as well as such less familiar selections as Ruth Rendell's "Meeting in the Park," Joan Aiken's "Gay as Cheese," Joyce Marsh's "The Shepherd's Dog," Nic Leodhas's "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Ghosts," and Aidan Chambers's "Dead Trouble." Actually, the stories are, in the main, whimsical and quirky rather than "horri-fic and hideous"; accuracy has perhaps been sacrificed to alliteration. (And, if I am any judge of the taste of twelve-year-olds, to competition with Stephen King!)

Of the less familiar stories, those of Ruth Rendell and Joyce Marsh are the most evocative and offer a nice contrast in their use of the traditional themes and motifs of the ghost story. Rendell uses the double in a delicate and sophisticated love story, while Marsh uses the animal ghost in a sturdy rural tale of a loyalty that transcends death.

Although the book seems rather expensive for its market, it offers an interesting and mostly unacknowledged selection of tales of the supernatural. Still, it may well be too tame for today's robust teenagers.

--Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Light Weight YA Fantasy

Gray, Nicholas Stuart. **Grimbold's Other World**. Ace, New York, 1986, 181p. \$2.95 paper. ISBN 0-441-30380-3.

Originally published in 1963, this novel by the author of **The Seventh Swan** is a light-weight, picaresque fantasy whose goal is not to excite its readers, but to charm them. It relates the adventures of Muffler, an innocent young goatherd who finds himself repeatedly drawn into the world of magic.

Though the book lacks dramatic tension, Gray's whimsical sense of humor and fluent writing style are enough to keep the reader going. Muffler has the magical ability to talk with animals, and scenes such as the one in which he discusses the meaning of life with a bored bull, or the one in which he must talk a herd of goats out of trying to help him rescue a prince, succeed nicely.

Gray does achieve what he set out to do, but he wasn't trying to do all that much. Though enjoyable, **Grimbold's Other World** is minor.

--Michael M. Levy

Uncommon Magic, but Flawed

Krensky, Stephen. **A Ghostly Business**. Atheneum, New York, 1984, 144p., hardcover. ISBN 0-689-31048-X.

This tall tale of the five Wynd children, (from a family "where magic is as common as breathing") and their bewitching Aunt Celia, is clearly intended for younger readers, although the premise is bound to charm some older folks as well. Set in Boston, the story pits the children, their aunt, and a ghostly but inept butler against an army of ghosts who have been enlisted in the service of good old American greed and capitalism.

The story does have some flaws. The ages of the children (the eldest is sixteen) seem a little advanced for their behavior, but then Aunt Celia seems a little young for the story, too, and that's part of the story's charm: an elderly woman dressed in the style of the fifties (that's 1950s), and a terror with the servants, she not only encourages her young charges to use their magic as an advantage in a snowball fight with some street toughs but participates in the fray as well.

Krensky's work is faintly reminiscent of Edward Eager's, but without the outrageous puns and frequent literary allusions that gave texture to Eager's work. Nevertheless, it's a good, funny ghost story, and worth the reading time for interested 8-to-10-year-olds.

--Carol D. Stevens

A Lovely but Incomplete Flight

Lasky, Kathryn. **Home Free**. Four Winds Press (Macmillan), New York, 1985, 245p. \$13.95, hardcover. ISBN 0-02-751650-4.

About three-quarters of the way through this promising novel for young adults, Kathryn Lasky needlessly shifts from effective romantic realism; human interest and authentic idealism to unconvincing fantasy. It is regrettable because the story (about fifteen-year-old Sam Brooks from Indiana and his new Massachusetts friends Gus Early and the autistic but mysteriously gifted Lucy Swift) is touchingly told. The reader cares whether Gus, a photographer, will succeed in protecting a wildlife sanctuary and reintroducing eagles there before terminal cancer claims him; whether Lucy will emerge miraculously from her silent isolation; whether Lucy's sentient affinity to a majestic eagle is illusory or truly phenomenal. And rapturous descriptions of the grand eagle bespeak love and respect which sensitive readers can share. Alas, after an unbelievably commonplace discourse between the eagle and Lucy (and Sam, too), the magic is gone. And after the youths are suddenly transported fifty years into the past to visit the community that had been sacrificed to create a huge reservoir for Boston, **Home Free's** suspense and charm dissolve.

--Richard Law

Non-Fiction

Erratum

Ben-Yehuda, Nachman. **Deviance and Moral Boundaries: Witchcraft, the Occult, Science Fiction, Deviant Sciences and Scientists**. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1985, 217p. (No price given.) ISBN 0-226-04335-5.

Ben-Yehuda, a lecturer in sociology at Israel's Hebrew University, attempts to explore "deviant subcultures" in order to determine the limits which society will allow deviant groups to operate. Although most of the book is devoted to analyses of medieval witches and modern "deviant scientists" such as Paul Kammerer, Ben-Yehuda devotes most of his third chapter to the world of science fiction fandom.

Although Ben-Yehuda professes to be a science fiction fan, his analysis of sf fandom is superficial. Relying entirely on secondary sources, Ben-Yehuda compares sf fandom to such occult groups as Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. Ben-Yehuda criticizes fandom for failing to have a leader as strong as LaVey and for having anti-rational attitudes. In his analysis, Ben-Yehuda manages to misspell names of critics (Marshall "Tyymn," Roger "Schlobkin") and authors (Phyllis "Einstein," "Ann MacCaffrey") so frequently one wonders if he has read any of the books under discussion. He makes many other basic mistakes, such as assuming that book and magazine publishers are the prime movers in organizing sf conventions.

Readers interested in analyses of the sociology of fandom should read Gary Alan Fine's **Shared Worlds** (1983). Much work needs to be done in this area, but Ben-Yehuda's book fails to add to the scanty research previously published. Not recommended.

--Martin Morse Wooster

Academy Art Show

National Academy Art Show Opens

The largest exhibition of contemporary fantasy art ever mounted opened September 26 at the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington. An invitational show, organized by the National Academy of Fantastic Art, James Christensen, president, it includes 86 paintings and 19 sculptures representing 45 American and European artists.

The traveling show, which will remain at the Delaware museum until November 30, was selected by a jury of three, including Christiansen, Vern Swanson (Director of the Springville, Utah, Museum), and Robert Marshall, Professor of Art at Brigham Young University.

Among the artists represented are Pamela Lee (see photo at right), whose work has appeared in the New York Society of Illustrators' Annual, and has won numerous awards; Michael Whelan, perpetual winner of the Hugo Award voted by Science Fiction fans; James Gurney, who worked on the Ralph Bakshi film, "Fire and Ice"; and Britain's Wayne Anderson, who illustrated *Flight of Dragons* and supervised the animated film of that book. Among the sculptures are works by Hap Henriksen and Ray Harryhausen, producer of the special effects for numerous fantasy films.

Other exhibiting artists familiar to fantasy fans are Alicia Austin, David Cherry, James Christiansen, Leo and Diane Dillon, Tim Hildebrandt, Carl Lundgren, Don Maitz, Real Musgrave, Alan Lee, Brian Froud, Don Ivan Punchatz, Darrel Sweet, James Warhola, Dawn Wilson and Star York.

The Delaware Museum, which specializes in the work of American illustrators from Winslow Homer to Howard Pyle, is located at 2301 Kentmere Parkway in Wilmington. It's open until 5 p.m. daily.

Pendragon's Los Angeles Opening

Pendragon Galleries, of Annapolis Maryland, opened its new Los Angeles gallery with a One-Woman Show of the works of Alicia Austin, September 20. Pendragon plans to offer the works of 100 artists in various media, including more who work on the West Coast, in the immediate future.

Aldiss Appreciation Society

A Brian W. Aldiss Appreciation Society has been founded in Derbyshire, England. For an \$8 membership fee, applicants receive a special limited edition of Aldiss's *My Country 'Tis Not Only of Thee*, plus signed photos of the author and a Newsletter. For further information, write: Pauline Valentine, 25 Margaret Avenue, Long Eaton, Derbyshire, England.

Britain's FantasyCon XI

American Horror writer Dennis Etchison was Guest of Honor at FantasyCon XI, held at Birmingham, England, September 26-28. Samantha Lee was Master of Ceremonies, and Jody Scott a special Guest.



PAMELA LEE's "The Gossips," acrylic on canvas, is among works shown as part of the First Invitational Exhibition of the National Academy of Fantastic Art.

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A MAJOR PUBLISHING EVENT

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK includes all of the published stories, novelettes and novellas (excepting those that were later lengthened into novels without substantial changes). Four previously unpublished stories have their first appearance here. This massive three-volume set contains over 700,000 words — enough for ten of Phil Dick's novels.

We're intending this to be a literary event. The first four hundred sets of this important work will be beautifully bound, issued in slipcase and numbered 1-400. The estate of Philip K. Dick has provided a unique item to accompany this slipcased edition: *The Acts of Paul*, a short, alternate-world story synopsis for an unwritten novel, which we are printing as a separate booklet of three pages, for the four hundred numbered sets (only).

In addition, each of the first one hundred copies will have a signature from Phil Dick, tastefully overlaid and tipped onto the limitation page (from portions of his checks, made available by his estate). This one hundred copy signed edition will also feature a separate binding.

Warning: the four hundred slipcased sets are expected to sell out prior to publication. We will not be holding any copies back. These are sold strictly on a first-come first-served basis. A 50% deposit will reserve your copy. We are actively encouraging advance orders to support this monumental publication.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK will be ready in early December. Prices for the three-volume sets are (each volume is approx. 385 pages and is over-size, 7" x 10"):

#1-100 in slip case, with signature	\$350.00
#101-400 in slipcase	\$100.00
Regular edition without slipcase	\$ 80.00

(ISBN: slipcased edition: 0-88733-052-5, trade edition: 053-3)

Mything in Action

Brunvand, Jan Harold. *The Mexican Pet*. Norton, New York, 1986, 221p. \$13.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-393-02324-9.

Old legends never die, they acquire a new wardrobe. Jan Brunvand's sequel to *The Vanishing Hitchhiker* and *The Choking Doberman* is another collection of "new urban legends," apocryphal stories—usually heard via the infamous friend of a friend ("foaf," in folklorist parlance)—that everyone seems to know, that have been blurred in newspapers (no doubt giving rise to the contemporary myth, "they wouldn't print it if it wasn't true"), but that cannot be substantiated with any hard evidence.

The Mexican pet of the title refers to the story of the woman who, on vacation south of the border, is so smitten by a sickly-looking "dog" that she smuggles it back home, only to be informed it is a Mexican sewer rat. "The Hairy-Armed Hitchhiker," "The Killer in the Backseat" and "The Spider Bite" are just a few of the hundred or so tall tales here that are the basis of fiction. FR readers will recognize. Accompanying each is a brief discussion on variants and occasionally a geographic tracing of the legend's dissemination. Not much is said about why we fabricate these stories, but if we knew that, we probably wouldn't do it, and think how much poorer we'd be for it.

--Stefan R. Dziemianowicz

Keen Observations

Cordes, Gerard. *La Nouvelle Science-Fiction Americaine*. Aubier Montaigne [13 Quai de Conti, 75006 Paris, France], April 1986, 222p. FF89.00 paper. ISBN 2-7007-0350-2.

This essay's title is somewhat misleading: "new" here essentially refers to the New Wave, its predecessors and successors. Cordes gives a good history of the genre in the English-speaking world up to the sixties in the first three chapters of the book. Chapter 4 concerns theory; Chapter 5 deals with contemporary science fiction. A number of writers are briefly studied in sections divided into the Fifties, the New Wave, and the Contemporary (post 1970) period. (This last is the subject of a survey of the same title by Pierre K. Rey and Pascal J. Thomas [1981], not to be confused with this book.)

Cordes teaches American literature at Toulouse University (Le Mirail) and has been a faithful reader of science fiction; he is able to successfully unite theory with the biographical, historical survey. One of Cordes's main ideas is that the milieu which has grown around the genre has modified the nature of communication, and made possible the literary sophistication which resulted in the modern (i.e. complex) SF that Cordes appreciates.

Well received in France, this book has been widely read by the SF community. Its wide appeal makes it a good addition to any serious collection of non-fiction about SF.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Does This Book Have an Audience?

Krulik, Theodore. *Roger Zelazny*. Ungar, New York, November 1986, 192p. \$15.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-8044-2490-X.

Krulik, a New York City high school teacher, begins his book with a chronology of Zelazny's life and a brief biographical sketch. He follows this with a series of chapters (covering, roughly chronologically, Zelazny's published work to 1983) each of which centers on what Krulik sees as Zelazny's major thematic concern at that point in his career. The book closes with a very short discussion of works in progress, textual notes, and bibliographies of both Zelazny's published fiction and critical studies of that fiction, again with nothing more recent than 1983.

Krulik has both read the letters in the Zelazny collection at Syracuse University and had the great good luck to spend three days interviewing the author in November of 1982. He is therefore at his best when he engages in biographical criticism, tracing the appearance and transmutation of Zelazny's real-life experiences in his work. One can't help wishing, however, that considerably more material from those interviews appeared here. The rest of the book is essentially plot summary with very basic

interpretation of a sort which is unlikely to be of very great interest to academics. Nor is Krulik's book aimed at science fiction fans; if it were, it is doubtful that he would have found it necessary to define so basic a term as "fanzine." If this book has an audience it might be students enrolled in an introductory high school or college science-fiction class.

This isn't a terrible book (though Krulik is a poor stylist given to dangling modifiers and obscure pronoun references), but it's already out of date and contains little really useful material. Carl B. Yoke's 1979 volume in the *Starmont Reader's Guide* series remains the preferred full-length study of Zelazny's work.

--Michael M. Levy

Fine Pictures, Flawed Text

Shipman, David. *A Pictorial History of Science Fiction Films*. Hamlyn, Twickenham, England, [c. 1985]. 172p. \$17.95. ISBN 0-600-38520-5.

Shipman, a mainstream film critic, provides more information on silent films and more background on changing studio attitudes towards SF than Peter Nicholls's *World of Fantastic Films* (1984, FR 76). Most of Shipman's critiques of individual films, however, are less specific and persuasive than Nicholls's. Anyone who likes *Outland*, *Krull*, *Superman III* and the 1976 remake of *King Kong* but dislikes *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *E.T.* and *Clockwork Orange* has a lot of explaining to do, but Shipman fails adequately to justify his preferences. He covers French, German and Soviet films of the silent era but omits most sound films which are not American or British. Thus, he discusses *Aelita* (Soviet, 1924) but not *Solaris* (Soviet, 1972). Wandering selectively in fantasy, he includes *Caligari*, *Nibelungen*, *Tom Thumb*, *Excalibur*, and the *Harryhausen* films but omits many others. Among collapse-of-civilization films, the trivial *No Blade of Grass* is discussed but not the *Mad Max* series. Shipman repeats the line from *The Black Hole* about "the search for habitable life," apparently without realizing it is a howler. Any schoolboy could correct his misidentification of Tom Baker as the third Doctor Who. Both Shipman's and Nicholls's books have excellent collections of color and black-and-white illustrations, but Shipman's text is more comprehensive and authoritative.

Anyone wanting a one-volume survey of fantastic films should prefer Nicholls. Anyone greedy for lots of gorgeously-reproduced pictures will want both.

--Michael Klossner

SF Anime

Reynolds, Kay and Ardith Carlton. *Robotech Art 1*. Donning, Norfolk VA, April 1986, 254p. \$15.95 paper. ISBN 0-89865-412-2.

Anime is the Japanese word for animation. According to American enthusiasts Reynolds and Carlton, animated Japanese SF TV series are intended for all ages but are usually reduced by American distributors to hackwork for children. *Robotech*, produced in 1982 and 1983 by Studio Nue, the Spielbergs of anime, has reached U.S. TV with its wild action, convoluted plots and statesmanlike speeches intact.

Dozens of battles and almost as many romances punctuate three alien invasions of Earth. Individual aliens are attracted by the human qualities of love and freedom, yet the human leaders are as guilty as the alien aggressors of needlessly prolonging the wars. Wide-eyed heroes and heroines of stainless idealism forgive their enemies and plead for peace even while fighting patriotically. Some bizarre details include a male freedom fighter who works undercover as a female rock star, and a group of aliens who become terrified of humans when they see an SF film and take the special effects literally.

Robotech is far superior to American TV cartoons in both story and art. Besides synopses of all 85 episodes, the authors of *Robotech Art 1* provide a 26-page history of anime and hundreds of color and black and white illustrations, many of them striking. *Robotech Art 1* is reasonably priced and recommended not only to fans but to anyone interested in animation, children's TV or SF on TV.

--Michael Klossner

SPECIALTY & FAN PRESS

Specialty Presses

RICHARD and WENDY PINI of WarP Graphics, who built their success story on the runaway fan phenomenon, *Elfquest*, have announced (at last!) a sequel to the original series: *Elfquest: Siege at Blue Mountain*. An eight-issue, limited series, written and pencilled by **Wendy Pini** and co-plotted and edited by **Richard Pini**, it will be published bi-monthly by Apple Comics, beginning in October.

The Mirrorstone, a ghost story by **MICHAEL PALIN**, illustrated by **ALAN LEE**, and designed by **RICHARD SEYMOUR**, will be released for the Christmas trade by **RANDOM HOUSE** in November. The book's gimmick is seven foil stamped holograms, incorporated into four-color illustrations by Lee. The cover painting, for example, shows a frightened girl struggling to escape the confines of a crystal ball (shades of *The Wizard of Oz*). One hopes the final printing is more effective than the sample in the promo package, however: the holo is smeary and difficult to see; from most viewing angles it resembles a silver hole in the picture.

STARMONT HOUSE has released No. 24 in its Reader's Guide Series, *E. "Doc" Smith*, by **JOSEPH SANDERS. (Cover by **STEPHEN FABIAN**, 96p., \$17.95 hardcover, ISBN 0-916732-73-8; paper \$7.95, -72-X.) Done in the familiar format, the book contains a chronology of Smith's works, a brief biography (in which the sources of many characterizations are given -- Smith copied his friends, family and neighbors in characterizations) and separate chapters devoted to Smith's two epic series: the *Skylander* and *Lensmen* sagas. There is an assessment of Smith's "impact and achievement," and carefully annotated bibliographies of primary and secondary works, including a section on "Smith Pastiche" by Gordon Ekland, William B. Ellern, Randall Garret, Stephen Goldin and David Kyle. A chapter on Smith's other writings, and an index complete a very useful resource book. P. O. Box 851, Mercer Island, WA 98040.**

CHRIS DRUMM has produced a "back-to-back" chapbook edition of a memoir by **RICHARD WILSON**, *Adventures in the Space Trade*, and **A Richard Wilson Checklist**, by **CHRIS DRUMM**. The latter is unpaginated, possibly because of the technical difficulties of producing the back-to-back format, but the whole is about 40 pages, and very readable. Regular edition \$2 (ISBN 0-936055-24-3); a limited edition (175 copies) of a pamphlet containing "A Rat for a Friend," an original short story by Wilson, comes free with the signed edition of the chapbook, \$5 (ISBN 0-936055-25-1). P. O. Box 445, Polk City, Iowa 50226.

THE ACADEMIC AND ARTS PRESS offers *Stories of the Strange* by **PAUL DILSAVER**. The seven quite disparate short stories in this chapbook range from post-holocaust ("Mining in the 21st Century") to gross-out gore ("E.T. Meets Conceptual Art"), all nicely undercut with satire. 40p., \$5. P. O.



Box 1621, Pueblo, CO 81002.

In January, **FOOTSTEPS PRESS** will offer a special, limited edition of *Medusa*, by **RAMSEY CAMPBELL**, with an introduction by **DENNIS ETCHISON**, cover art by **ALLEN KOSZOWSKI**; 300 copies, numbered and signed by the author. \$21, postpaid. Box 75, Round Top, NY 12473.

SCOTT APEL will market a hardcover collection of PKD materials: *Philip K. Dick: The Dream Connection*. Included are 30,000 words of Dick interviews, a previously unpublished Dick story, and commentary by Robert Anton Wilson, Ray Nelson, Theodore Sturgeon, and others. \$14.95 plus \$2 postage. Box 700305, San Jose, CA 95170.

Magazines

In his next to last quarterly issue, editor/publisher **RICHARD E. GEIS** announces that he'll NOT begin a monthly version of *Science Fiction Review* in January as planned. "I have to tell you that SFR is dead. No. 61 (November) will be the last issue," he writes, blaming his arthritis and the need to spend more time on fiction for this decision. Geis offers subscribers "My personal journal, *The Naked Id*, instead." Single copy, \$2.50. P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

Bill Munster's FOOTSTEPS looks extremely handsome in its new 7 x 10 inch format, on heavy buff paper. Typesetting is almost professional, and artwork and design are excellent. The November issue (#7) contains nine stories (including pieces by **Richard Christian Matheson**, **Ramsey Campbell**, and **Steve Rasnic Tem**), plus three featured poems, and series of articles, including a discussion of her own work by **Jane Y. Fox**, and a comparison of **Stephen King** and **Dean R. Koontz** by

Michael Collings. Art includes a portfolio by **Augie Wiedemann**, and eight other illustrations by **Allen Koszowski** and **Alfred Klosterman**. 76p. \$5 postpaid. Box 75, Round Top, NY 12473.

Editor/publisher **MICHAEL G. ADKISSON** has apparently bought a few manuscripts (or run out of his own works) since Issue No. 4 of *New Pathways* contains five stories, none his. Contributors are **Paul Di Filippo**, **Don Webb**, **Jessica Amanda Salmonson**, **Gary Biggs** and **Czu K. Goetz**. There are also poems and book reviews, art by **Alfred Klosterman** and **Donald Henry Reagan**. 34p. Bi-monthly. Single issue \$2.50, 6/15. MGA Services, P.O. Box 863994, Plano, TX 75086.

MERV BINNS has resumed publication of *Australian SF News* after recent difficulties (including closure of his retail shop). Rates are \$6 for 6 issues, surface mail, \$15 airmail. He's also starting a mail order book service. P. O. Box 491, Elsnierwick 3185, Victoria, Australia.

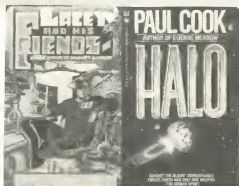
Twisted, edited by **CHRISTINE HOARD**, is a fairly recent entry in the amateur fiction-zine market, with about seventy 8 1/2 x 11 pages stapled under red paper covers. It's really kinky -- don't buy it unless gross-outs like homosexual masturbation with mushroom dildoes appeals to you. Averages a dozen stories, about as many poems, much fanish art. \$4 postpaid. 6332 North Lakewood Ave., Chicago, IL 60660.

Gothic has begun a new series under editor/publisher **GARY WILLIAM CRAWFORD**; the first issue features "Stephen King and the American Gothic," by **KENNETH GIBBS**, and "The Artist as Demon," by **KAREN McGUIRE**, plus review articles. Semi-annual, 2 issues \$6. P.O. Box 80051, Baton Rouge, LA 70898.

OCTOBER PAPERBACKS



Ace Books



Baen Books

Bantam/Spectra



Berkley Books

DAW Books

ACE BOOKS

Yarrow by CHARLES DE LINT (0-441-94000-5, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by SEGRELLES). Cat Midhir, a fantasy writer in modern day Ottawa, actually takes down the stories dictated to her from Kothlen, an elvin bard, in the enchanted Otherworld of her dreams... until the dreams suddenly stop.

The Khyber Connection, Time-wars #6, by SIMON HAWKE (0-441-43725-7, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by JIM BURNS). The Time Commandos, with help from Winston Churchill and Gunga Din, attempt to save the time-stream in the Khyber pass of 1897.

The Winter King by LILIAN STEWART CARL (0-441-89443-7, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by STEPHEN HICKMAN). Is the sequel to **Sabazel**. Andron, son of Queen Danica and the god-king Bellasteros, must try to regain his rightful land after its conquest by the Crimson Horde.

Star Commandos by P. M. GRIFFIN (0-441-78041-5, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by MIRO). Commando-Colonel Isaela Conner must uncover a plot which could mean the death of an innocent colony on the unexplored planet Visnu.

Sorcerers! edited by JACK DANN & GARDNER DOZOIS (0-441-77532-2, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by DEAN MORRISSEY). Fourteen stories of wizards and magic by Joe Haldeman, Ursula K. LeGuin, Theodore Sturgeon, Jack Vance, and others.

Reissues: **Rocket Limbo** by ALAN E. NOURSE (0-441-73339-5, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.]), **System Shock** by DEAN ING (0-441-79383-5, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]), **Iron Cage** by ANDRE NORTON (0-441-37294-5, \$2.75, [\$3.50 Can.]), and **Sword Woman** by ROBERT E. HOWARD (0-441-79279-0, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.]).

Charter releases: **Steven Spielberg's Amazing Stories** by STEVEN BAUER (0-441-01906-4, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). The first of two 11 story collections, based on the first 22 episodes of the TV series.

Reissue: **The Piercing** by JOHN COYNE (0-441-66310-9, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.], previously a Berkley paperback).

AVON BOOKS

September releases:

The Black Grail by DAMIEN

BRODERICK (0-380-89977-9, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). Xaraf, a newly initiated man in his tribe, suddenly finds himself in an alien land, in the distant future, charged with an impossible mission.

Martian Spring by MICHAEL LINDSAY WILLIAMS (0-380-89633-8, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). The Martian Guardians, woken by a human expedition after 45,000 years, are determined to protect their world from these intruders. Reissue: **Battle Circle** by PIERS ANTHONY (0-380-01800-4, \$3.95, [\$5.50 Can.]).

BAEN BOOKS

The Gates of Hell by C. J. CHERRY and JANET MORRIS (0-671-65592-2, \$3.50). The Heroes of Hell discover a possible way out.

Lacey and his Friends by DAVID DRAKE (0-671-65593-0, \$3.50). Camaras and computers monitor every move of every citizen, in the United States of the 21st century, then crime-stopper Jed Lacey deals his own type of justice.

Reissues: **The Star Treasure** by KEITH LAUMER (0-671-65596-5, \$2.95) and **The Mercenary** by JERRY POURNELLE (0-671-65594-9, \$2.95).

BANTAM/SPECTRA

Twisting the Rope by R. A. MAC AVOY (0-553-26026-X, \$3.50, [\$3.95 Can.], cover by TODD SCHORR) is the sequel to **Tea with the Black Dragon**. Mayland Long and Martha Macnamara re-enter the world of the Black Dragon.

Halo by PAUL COOK (0-553-26171-1, \$3.50, [\$3.95 Can.], cover by JOHN HAMAGAMI). A handful of humans battle for Earth, after an alien artifact destroys modern civilization.

The Dawning Shadow: The Throne of Madness by SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL (0-553-26028-6, \$3.50, \$3.95, cover by GARY CICCARELLI, previously a Pocketbook paperback) is the second volume in *The Chronicles of the High Inquest*, newly revised and expanded by its author.

Kiteam by ALFRED REYNOLDS (0-553-26036-7, \$2.75, [\$2.95 Can.], cover by VICTORIA POYSEY, previously published as *Kiteam* of Karanga, an Alfred A. Knopf hardcover)

September releases: **Silverthorn** by RAYMOND E. FEIST (0-553-25928-8, \$3.50, [\$3.95 Can.], previously a Doubleday

hardcover) is Volume III of the *Riftwar Saga*. A thief, a prince, a minstrel, and a mercenary set out on a quest to save a dying prince.

The Proteus Operation by JAMES P. HOGAN (0-553-25698-X, \$3.95, [\$4.50 Can.], cover by JIM WARREN and BOB LARKIN, previously a Bantam/Spectra hardcover). In a world which saw the Third Reich win WW II, a team of experts journey back in time to the year 1939, to meet with Churchill, Einstein, and others, and hopefully change the outcome of the war.

The Golden World: America 2040: Volume 2 by EVAN INNES (0-553-25922-9, \$3.95). Captain Duncan Rodrick leads his pioneers to the massive planet known as *The Golden World*.

The Dawning Shadow: Light on the Sound (0-553-25359-X, \$3.50, [\$3.95 Can.], previously a Pocketbook paperback), is the first volume of SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL's *Chronicles of the High Inquest* series, newly revised and expanded by its author.

The Caves of Clydon by DOUGLAS HILL (0-553-25929-8, \$2.75) is the second YA novel in *The Colseer Trilogy*. Five young rebels, exiled on a deadly planet fight for survival.

July releases: **T.E.D. KLEIN's Dark Gods** (0553-25922-9, \$3.95, previously a Viking hardcover) is a collection of four of his horror novellas: "Children of the Kingdom," "Petey," "Black Man With a Horn," and "Nademan's God."

The Dream Years by LISA GOLDSTEIN (0-553-25693-9, \$2.95, previously a Bantam/Spectra hardcover). A young writer from the Paris of the 1920's is lead by a mysterious woman decades into the future to the Paris of 1968.

BERKLEY BOOKS

The Moon and the Face by PATRICIA A. MCKILLIP (0-425-09206-2, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by KINUKO CRAFT, previously an Athenium hardcover) is the sequel to **Moon-Flash**. Kyeol, marooned on a moon light-years from Riverworld, discovers a city abandoned eons ago.

The Wardove by L. NEIL SMITH (0-425-09207-0, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.], cover by RON MILLER). Captain Inspector Nate Blackburn must find out who is attempting to murder the famous entertainer, Chelsie Bradford, during her

OCTOBER PAPERBACKS



Del Rey Books



tour of the galaxy.

Books of Blood: Vol. Three by CLIVE BARKER (0-425-09347-6, \$2.95, previously published in England by Sphere). The concluding volume in this collection of short horror tales.

Reissues: MICHAEL MOORCOCK's **The Oak and the Ram** (0-425-09052-3, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.]), the Fifth Book of Corum, and E. E. "DOC" SMITH's **First Lensman** (042509053-1, \$2.95, [\$3.75 Can.]), #2 in the Lensman series.

DAW BOOKS

Angel with the Sword by C. J. CHERRYH (0-88677-143-9, \$3.50, [\$4.95 Can.]), cover by TIM HILDEBRANDT, previously a DAW hardcover) begins a new shared-world series called *Merovingen Nights* which will be edited by C. J. Cherryh. Altair Jones, a cavalier, rescues a mysterious stranger and becomes involved in the high-level politics of the canaled city.

A Matter of Metalaw by LEE CORREY (0-88677-155-2, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). Peter Starbuck and his agents of Metalaw must stop a genetically mutated race's plot to spread to other worlds.

The Year's Best Horror Stories: XIV edited by KARL EDWARD WAGNER (0-88677-156-0, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). Nineteen tales by: Tanith Lee, Charles Grant, Ramsey Campbell, and others.

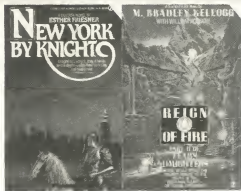
The Year's Best Horror Stories: Volumes VIII -- XI edited by KARL EDWARD WAGNER are being reissued: Vol. VIII (0-88677-158-7, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]), Vol. IX (0-88677-159-5, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]), Vol. X (0-88677-160-9, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]), and Vol. XI (0-88677-161-7, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]).

DEL REY BOOKS

With a Tangled Skein by PIERS ANTHONY (0-345-31885-4, \$3.95, previously a Del Rey hardcover) is Book Three of the Incarnations of Immortality series. To save her son and granddaughter, Niobe, now one of the three Aspects of Fate, must challenge Satan in a maze of his own design.

Books One and Two of the Incarnations of Immortality series by PIERS ANTHONY are being reissued: **On a Pale Horse** (0-345-33858-8, \$3.95) and **Bearing an Hourglass** (0-345-33135-1, \$3.95).

Her Majesty's Wizard by



Signet Books

CHRISTOPHER STASHEFF (0-345-27456-3, \$3.50). Matt finds himself in a world where reciting poetry works magic and swears to be her majesty's wizard.

Into the Sea of Stars by WILLIAM R. FORSTCHEN (0-345-32426-9, \$2.95). Historian Dr. Lacklin and his crew of four must track down space colonies that fled Earth long ago.

The Vampire Lestat by ANNE RICE (0-345-31386-0, \$4.50, previously an A. Knopf hardcover) is the sequel to *Interview with the Vampire*. The Vampire Lestat is now the leader of a rock band.

Reissue: **Interview with the Vampire** by ANNE RICE (0-345-33766-2, \$4.95, previously an A. Knopf hardcover).

Usher's Passing by ROBERT R. McCAMMON (0-345-32407-2, \$3.95, previously a Holt, Rinehart, Winston hardcover). Rix Usher is the unwilling heir to his family's armament business.

JOVE BOOKS

The Touch by F. PAUL WILSON (0-515-08733-5, \$3.95, [\$4.95 Can.]), previously a Putnam hardcover). A doctor blessed with a healing touch discovers his mysterious power comes from an unspeakable source.

POPULAR LIBRARY/QUESTAR

August releases:

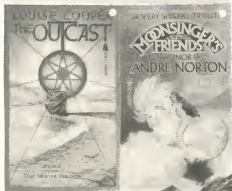
No Safe Place by ANNE MOROZ (0-445-20167-3, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). Kate Harlin, sole survivor of an ill-fated voyage, accused of deserting her crew, must return to her starship and face the mystery and death that await her on board.

Gloriana by MICHAEL MOORCOCK (0-445-20271-8, \$3.95, [\$4.95 Can.]). The story of a sexually frustrated queen, set in a satirical, alternate London.

SIGNET BOOKS

Reign of Fire by M. BRADLEY KELLOGG w/ WILLIAM ROSSOW (0-451-14526-7, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]) is Part II of *Leah's Daughters*. The planet Flax has entered the legendary time of Devastation, from which only a chosen few could hope to survive.

Bordertown created by TERRI WINDLING & MARK ALAN ARNOLD (0-451-14527-5, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). Gangs fight for turf in the old port of



TOR Books

Bordertown, where elvin magic and human technology co-exist.

September releases:

New York by Knight by ESTHER FRIESNER (0-451-14496-1, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). New York city is the setting of the final battle between a dragon and the knight who has pursued him through time and space.

Seven Worlds by MARY CARAKER (0-451-14498-8, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). Morgan Farraday, an elite member of the Space Corps, is sent to seven different planets to establish better communications with the inhabitants of each.

Eros at Nadir: Tales of the Velvet Comet #4 by MIKE RESNICK (0-451-14448-1, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). Nick Page, hired to recreate the story of the Velvet Comet, must deal with the ship's computer, Cupid -- who is determined to tell the real truth about the luxurious pleasure craft.

Dicing with Dragons by IAN LIVINGSTONE (0-451-14489-9, \$3.95, [\$4.95 Can.]), previously a Plume trade book). A guide to role-playing games including: a solo role playing game, information on how to create an original game or how to play commercially available games, and a look at computer games.

Starlog Science Fiction Trivia (0-451-14397-3, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]) includes over 1,300 questions from the pages of *Starlog*.

TOR BOOKS

Soul Rider Book Five: Children of Flux & Anchor by JACK L. CHALKER (0-812-53286-4, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). Flux and Anchor are finally at peace, but someone has deciphered the magic of flux and could unleash its devastating power.

The Outcast by LOUISE COOPER (0-812-53394-1, \$2.95) is Book II in the Time Master Trilogy. The Outcast, imprisoned in a gem outside of Time, awaits the woman who will set him free.

Moonsinger's Friends edited by Susan Swartz (0-812-55446-9, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]) is an anthology inspired by, and in honor of, Andre Norton; including stories by: Marion Zimmer Bradley, Katherine Kurtz, Diane Duane, and others.

The Walkaway Clause by JOHN DALMAS (0-812-53475-1, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). A Gaeltic assassin, assigned to

Continued on page 50.

TRADE BOOKS



ALYSON PUBLICATIONS

[40 Plympton St., Boston, Mass. 02118]

Worlds Apart edited by CAMILLA DECARNIN, ERIC GARBER, and LYN PALEO (July 1986, 0-932870-87-2, \$7.95 trade paper).

An Anthology of eleven lesbian and gay science fiction stories by: James Tiptree, Jr., Marion Zimmer Bradley, John Varley, Samuel R. Delany, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Walt Liebscher, and others.

DONNING COMPANY/STARBLAZE

[5659 Virginia Beach Blvd., Norfolk, VA 23502]

Take Off, Too by RANDALL GARRETT (September 1986, 0-89865-455-6, \$7.95 trade paper, illustrated by PHIL FOGGIO, color).

More satires on sf writers, movies, and TV shows.

An Edge in My Voice by HARLAN ELLISON (September 1986, 0-89865-341-X, \$10.95 trade paper, photos).

Revised edition of award-winning essays.

Buck Godot -- Zap Gun for Hire #2 written and illustrated by PHIL FOGGIO (September 1986, 0-89865-459-9, \$6.95 trade paper, color).

Aria Takes Off by M. E. WEYLAND (August 1986, 0-89865-468-8, \$6.95 trade paper, color).

First volume in the adventures of the warrior woman, Aria.

Duncan & Mallory #1 by ROBERT ASPRIN and MEL. WHITE (August 1986, 0-89865-456-4, \$6.95 trade paper, illustrated by MEL. WHITE, color).

The adventures of a knight and his dragon comrade.

DOUBLEDAY

[245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10167]

Daggerspell by KATHERINE KERR (September 5, 1986, 0-385-23108-3, \$16.95 hardcover).

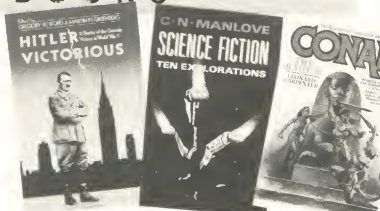
The first book in a new trilogy concerning the various incarnations of Jill, a young woman linked to the land, forever trapped in a love triangle between two men. Only the magician, Nevyn, understands her situation, but he is bound by an oath, not to interfere.

Halloween Horrors edited by ALAN RYAN (September 19, 1986, 0-385-19558-3, \$12.95 hardcover).

Thirteen new horror tales by: Robert R. McCammon, Charles L. Grant, Whitley Stierber, Craig Gardner Shaw, Ramsey Campbell, Robert Bloch, and others.

The Hound and the Falcon by JUDITH TARR (1986, Book Club Edition [Direct Order], hardcover, jacket art by DAN HORNE).

Three novels in one: *The Isle of Glass*, *The Golden Horn*, and *The Hounds of God*. For sixty years, Alfred, one of the Fair Folk, has only known the life of a cloistered monk. But one night a wounded elvin ambassador appears before the abbey's gate, and Alfred is forced to face the world outside the safety of the abbey.



GARLAND PUBLISHING

[136 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016]

Hitler Victorious edited by GREGORY BENFORD & MARTIN H. GREENBERG (October 1986, 0-8240-8658-9, \$19.95 hardcover).

Eleven short stories about what it would be like if the Third Reich had won World War II, by: C. M. Kornbluth, Hilary Bailey, Greg Bear, David Brin, Sheila Finch, Algis Budrys, and others.

GREENWOOD PRESS

[88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881]

Eros in the Mind's Eye: Sexuality and the Fantastic in Art and Film edited by DONALD PALUMBO (June 1986, 0-313-24102-3, \$35.00 hardcover).

Eighteen essays and forty-five illustrations concerning the erotic and fantastic in paintings, illustrations, and film, from the medieval period to the present.

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIICH, PUBLISHERS

[111 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10003]

Enchantment at Delphi by RICHARD PURTILL (September 1986, 0-15-200447-5, \$14.95 hardcover).

Alice Grant, an American student in Greece, is repeatedly drawn back in time to assist Apollo, Dionysus, and Athena in their power struggles. For ages 12 and up.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

[521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10175]

Puturedays: A 19th Century Vision of the Year 2000 by ISAAC ASIMOV (September 8, 1986, 0-8050-0120-4, \$12.95 trade paper, illustrated by JEAN MARC COTE).

Fifty illustrations from 1899, depicting life in the year 2000: includes variations of air travel, underwater travel, advanced automation, and other predicted inventions. With commentaries and an introduction by Isaac Asimov.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

[Kent, Ohio 44242]

Science Fiction: Ten Explorations by C. N. MANLOVE (October 10, 1986, 0-87338-326-5, \$22.50 hardcover).

Essays exploring the worlds of ten science fiction masters: Asimov, Pohl, Aldiss, Herbert, Silverberg, Farmer, Clarke, Simak, Attanasio, and Wolfe.

NAL/PLUME

[1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019]

Kingdom of Fear: The World of Stephen King edited by TIM UNDERWOOD and CHUCK MILLER (September 1986, 0-452-2587-8, \$7.95, [\$10.95 Can.], trade paper).

Seventeen essays by Harlan Ellison, Clive Barker, Andrew M. Greeley, Robert Bloch, Ramsey Campbell, Bill Thompson, Whitley Stierber, Stephen P. Brown and others, about Stephen King: his writing style, his movies, his influence on other writers, and more. Also includes a foreword by King revealing ten things which terrify him.

Continued on page 50.

"Indeed one of the best sword and sorcery novels I have read in some time."

—Andre Norton

Through a fantastical land of magicians, kings, elves, and prophets wanders the mysterious sorcerer Nevyn, doomed to a quest across the borders of time and space. He seeks to atone for a wrong committed in his youth, when on a bloody day many ages ago, he relinquished a maiden's hand in marriage. And so was forged a terrible bond among three souls, an immortal blood feud that has replayed itself incarnation after incarnation—
a tragic, poignant love triangle
that only Nevyn can resolve.

Now the maiden's soul hovers in the fiery void between lives, her past forgotten, her future yet unknown. But Nevyn remembers... and, patiently, he waits.



DAGGERSPELL

Katharine Kerr

DOUBLEDAY

RAMSEY CAMPBELL

ALONE IN THE PACIFIC

With Projector, Screen, and Ten Best Films



EXCUSES, excuses. I'm about to start a new novel, *The Influence*, and feel the need to relax. I've just bought a word processor and feel as above (though, to be truthful, I find working with the new technology enormous fun). *Shock Express* made me do it—that is, asked me to write about my ten fav-ourite horror films. I'm hoping that my comments are stimulating enough to justify reprinting them here.

If I had to choose a single favourite, I believe it would be Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1931). It is certainly one of the unique experiences offered by the cinema. It's only fair to warn anyone approaching the film for the first time that some of its odder elements look awfully like flaws: the hesitant performances of the almost entirely non-professional cast, in particular the glassy-eyed Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg, who backed the film and, under a pseudonym, acted the role of the hero; the inordinate amount of time spent by various characters (much as in Murnau's *Nosferatu*) in poring over a tome about vampirism; the extraordinary subtitles, where a character can't ask "Who are you?" without its being transformed into "How are you?" But on repeated viewings I find that even these elements blend into a unity, together with the film's attitude to the narrative, originally Sheridan Le Fanu's but now ungraspable as a dream. However, let me not fall into the trap of calling the film simply dreamlike, for I regard it as the cinema's greatest evocation of the supernatural in my experience, of a landscape where the extraordinary is almost commonplace. Shadows dance independent of their objects, a lake reflects a figure that isn't visible on the bank, the earth of a grave flies back onto a gravedigger's shovel, a face fills a window, the doctor who treats a vampire's victims is the vampire's vanguard, the medieval figure of Death who summons a ferry in the opening sequence (a ferry which is used only by the hero and heroine, and only at the end of the film) may be the disfigured old man who has a room above the hero's at the inn....All this takes place in the midst of dazzling bright natural locations, where the nominally normal characters seem entrances. Perhaps that explains, or is explained by, their fascination with the book, but as I've said, in *Vampyr* language shifts as alarmingly as the narrative: "Dou you hear?" people ask, and the visual continuum is broken by explanatory titles such as "An atmosphere laden with mystery keeps him awake." Tom Milne describes a press conference Dreyer gave after the premiere of *Gertrud*, his last film, where the director shifted from language to

language in his answers until "his way was lost in a jumble of languages and the translators retired, baffled." So, I know, do many viewers of *Vampyr*, but I give you my word that it is a film worth getting to know intimately.

It is the only vampire film on my list. I have to reserve judgment on Murnau's, since the only reasonably coherent print of *Nosferatu* that I've seen has to be projected at sound speed, making the dead travel even faster. (The use of natural locations, and Max Schreck's inimitable unlovely vampire, survive this treatment, though.) Tod Browning's vampire films are vitiated either by stiff theatricality or strained last-minute rationalizations. Christopher Lee's *Dracula* is the most authentic—aristocratic, brooding and seductive—but the direction of his various *Dracula* films lack his intensity. A special mention to Klaus Kinski, both as an unexpectedly poignant (as well as expectedly frightening) *Nosferatu* and, in Jesus Franco's dull *Dracula*, a distressingly convincing Renfield. I also admire Martin, George Romero's film about the tedium of vampire life in Pittsburgh. The most beautiful vampire films since Dreyer's, though, are Mario Bava's *Black Sunday* and Harry Kumel's *Daughters of Darkness*.

Chronologically, the next film to make my list is Mamoulian's *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1932). A recent BBC television showing of the complete version demonstrated its superiority over all other cinema versions of the story (though I might want to qualify that if a complete print of Renoir's version ever surfaces, and I must note John Barrymore's remarkable, cumulatively terrifying, performance in the 1920 version). I was especially pleased to find how the alleged blunting of our sensibilities by the excesses of recent graphic horror movies). Fredric March's gradual slide from delight in his release from staidness to dependence on his sadistic relationship with Miriam Hopkins is both compelling and, I'd venture to suggest, as shocking now as it must have been in its day. Hyde's monstrosity is always presented as an aspect of humanity rather than a rejection of it, and so it's appropriate that when we look in the mirror in this film, we may see Hyde's face. Elaborate as the film's technique sometimes is, it is never meaninglessly so.

I find the film more rewarding than the werewolf movies to which it can be related. *The Wolf Man* is written and directed with intelligence (all of which I tried to respect when I wrote the novel of the film ten years ago), but Lon Chaney's transformation is both too literal for the context and insufficiently lupine (Curt Siodmak

wanted the wolfman to be seen only in reflection, as he sees himself; Siodmak later took his subtlety to Val Lewton.) *The Curse of the Werewolf* is broken-backed, but I did like the elaborate Hollywood werewolf films of the early eighties, particularly *Wolfen*, despite its uncertainties. I also value *Company of Wolves*, not least for its willingness to leave some of its images unexplained.

King Kong (1933) is the next of my ten. I have no doubt that it is the greatest of all monster films. When I was nineteen years old I had, and said so stridently in an issue of the British fanzine *Alien*, antagonizing many of the readers, Ray Harryhausen for one. That was in the days when I often mistook controversy for criticism, but at least the film will be remembered long after my carping has crumbled to dust. The characterization of the giant ape is incomparable (and, as the remake demonstrated, inimitable), and the film is one of the very few monster movies that convey a sense of genuine terror. It's the pity that most copies tone down Kong's violence, rather as Sylvester Stallone originally did to Rambo. At least no version gives Kong a final monologue to justify himself.

My list leapt forward for the forties, to my surprise. I should certainly have expected to include a Val Lewton film: perhaps *The Body Snatcher* (for moral clarity) or *The Cat People* (for psychological subtlety and the delicacy of its scenes of terror) — *The Curse of the Cat People* and *I Walked with a Zombie* take the Lewton virtue of restraint so far that I feel justified in classing them as fantasy rather than horror, a classification which I tell myself lets me exclude Charles Laughton's extraordinary *Night of the Hunter*. Instead I'm listing the film I regard as the last great example of Lewton's influence: not *The Haunting*, which is almost Lovecraftian in the way it makes an issue of not showing its horrors, but *The Night of the Demon*, Jacques Tourneur's 1958 film. It was heavily cut on its original release, but a restored print is now available. Both Tourneur and Charles Bennett, the screenwriter, complained that their work was interfered with by the producer, yet only the opening reel (in which, pace Marvin Kaye, the demon is shown in closeup in all three versions that I've seen) compromises the structure of the film. Without that scene, the audience

would be guided as gradually as the Dana Andrews character from skepticism through doubt to reluctant agnosticism. For me it's the most intelligent film on this process, and the most frightening. I discuss it more fully in the Penguin encyclopedia of horror.

No Hammer films in my list, I see. Lee and Cushing are fine actors, but Terence Fisher's remakes of Karloff films are otherwise superior to the originals. Losey's *The Damned* is a considerable achievement but not, I think, a horror film, and Nigel Kneale's excellent Quatermass stories were never given as high a budget as they deserved, though the first two contain probably Val Guest's sharpest direction. To my great regret, *The Innocents* has been crowded out too, even though it is one of the very few genuine ghost stories in the cinema (far superior to the overrated *Uninvited*). So the fourth film on my list is *Psycho*.

A GOOD deal of what's best about the film is Robert Bloch's, of course, including some of his neatest black jokes. But it is also Hitchcock's most densely constructed film in terms of images: the recurring journey into darkness (the opening track in from a cityscape into the darkness of a room leads to Janet Leigh's drive into night) becomes a plunge into darkness (the car into the swamp, Martin Balsam's down the stairs, the Miles' descent into the cellars; indeed, this recurrence seems to be the justification for the otherwise inexplicable unerving track through the darkened hardware store toward Miles). The film shares with *Peeping Tom* a preoccupation with looking and with eyes, and the journeys into darkness lead into the black gaze (even blacker than the motorcycle cop's) of Mrs. Bates at the end, as out of Norman's eyes in the final seconds of the film (in the scene where, as Robin Wood points out, the audience has become "the cruel eyes studying you" which Norman earlier described as one of the horrors of being institutionalized). It is the most poetically organized of Hitchcock's films, and a triumphant vindication of genre.

If *Repulsion* rather than *Peeping Tom* joins it on my list, it was a difficult choice. *Peeping Tom* is Michael Powell's masterpiece, an especially witty and intelligent film, and disconcertingly gentle in its treatment of voyeurism and violence. I can only suggest rather lamely that its themes are dealt with in *Psycho*, and plump for *Repulsion*, the most terrifying film I've ever seen.

Some of Polanski's images of schizophrenia may derive from his experiences with LSD (as I imagine is the case with the hieroglyphics that print themselves out on the lavatory wall in *The Tenant*) but I think that hardly matters. When we see the rooms of Catherine Deneuve's apartment growing cavernous, when the walls grow soft and hands burst out of them, these things aren't happening to an actress up there on the screen, they're happening directly to me, and to object that we aren't asked to feel sympathy for the character seems redundant. I take Polanski to be one of the cinema's most distinguished specialists in horror, and I'd like to put in a word for *Rosemary's*

Baby, not least because Marvin Kaye recently dismissed the book, of which the film is an exceptionally faithful (if sinuous) adaptation. "Try to find anything the least bit ambiguous about its sweet-young-things-brutalized-by-the-bogeyman plot," Kaye challenges, but I don't think the ambiguity he seems to want is necessary: of course Rosemary's predicament isn't "solely in her mind," any more than is Irena's in *The Cat People*, but surely by the time either of these films becomes unambiguously supernatural the psychological aspect will have been explored. In Rosemary's case, the expectant mother's sense of losing control of her own pregnancy and confinement (eloquent word!), of becoming the property of experts, self-styled or otherwise. I'd suggest that if either film turned out not to be supernatural it would be much less of a film.

Hour of the Wolf is next on my list, for a variety of reasons. It uses generic conventions for deeply personal ends, yet it is one of the very few truly Gothic films (another being *The Saragossa Manuscript*), even using a possibly unreliable narrator; it is the culmination of the scenes of terror in Bergman's work--the opening of *Wild Strawberries*, the finale of *The Face*, various images in *The Seventh Seal*... For different but equally powerful reasons I might have chosen *The Shamen*, but I have restricted myself to one film per director.

There was never any doubt that the next two films would be on my list--*Taxi Driver* and *Eraserhead*. If anyone wants to argue that *Taxi Driver* isn't a horror film, I'd be interested to hear their reasons. Travis Bickle is one of the cinema's most persuasively terrifying creations, and seems to me to underlie Scorsese's subsequent collaborations with de Niro, so that I continually expect the mask of Jimmy Doyle or Rupert Pupkin, already somewhat askew, to slip and reveal Bickle, eager for another crusade. Friends of mine have wanted the film to end as soon as the carnage is over, but I think the contentious ending adds to the film's power: Bickle is still on the streets, and the media's sanitized version of what he did even allows his lost love to admire him. "I'm over that now," he tells her, but his eyes in the rear-view mirror suggest otherwise.

As for *Eraserhead*, it is the most nightmarish film I know. There are films that deal explicitly with nightmare (*Los Olvidados*, for instance, or that admirable moment in *Tristana* where the clapper of the bell turns out to be something else, leaving the audience groping in their memories for the point at which the dream must have begun); there are films whose illogic comes to seem nightmarish (*The Brain Eaters*, allegedly related in some way to Heinlein, makes no sense whatsoever, and I found my inability to predict its narrative appealingly disconcerting); the nightmarishness of some may or may not be inadvertent (for instance, Corman's *Attack of the Crab Monsters* works surprisingly well for me, perhaps because it traps its characters on a constantly shrinking island with its defiantly unlikely monsters). The last films to trouble my sleep were *Los Olvidados* and

Onibaba. But in my experience, no film other than *Eraserhead* records nightmare in such detail--the textures, the lighting, the meanings that flicker out of reach, the utter casualness of the outrageous. *Eraserhead* can be read as a metaphor about fears of birth, but I don't find that makes the experience of the film any more manageable. The only other films that affect me similarly these days are some of the work of Andrei Tarkovsky; for whatever reason, I was unable to watch a videocassette of *Stalker* for more than an hour at a time.

One more film to go. I was tempted to include *The Shining*, not only for polemical reasons: I find it frightening, and Jack Nicholson's controversial performance (which some detractors have suggested, incredibly, was indulged against Kubrick's wishes) seems to me wholly convincing and impressively detailed. I see the objection that in the film, unlike the book, Jack Torrance starts out pretty deranged, but so did quite a few of Poe's characters, and after all, the novel specifically invokes Poe. However, on balance the film (which I discuss at length in the Penguin encyclopedia of horror) just falls short of my list, from which it is ousted by *Videodrome*.

I'll own up to a personal interest in Cronenberg's film. On my first viewing it seemed more like a dream than was taking place in my own world, or rather one that already had taken place, for the film's narrative methods reminded me uncannily of those I'd used in my novel *Incarneate*--the moment when we see that James Woods and Debbie Harry, already in the *Videodrome* set, which throws into question the reality of all that has gone before; Woods slapping his secretary under the impression that he's slapping Debbie Harry, only to realize that he hasn't touched the secretary either.... I've admired Cronenberg ever since *Shivers*, though I thought misogynist *The Brood*, the horror film's equivalent of Stanley and the Women, unless one justifies Amis's novel as a study of a deranged narrator. *Videodrome* is Cronenberg's most adventurous film, and if the ending isn't totally satisfying, I take that to be a measure of his ambition. It is also the most verbally witty horror film I can think of; in some scenes there's hardly a line without resonance. A flawed masterpiece, perhaps, but nonetheless a masterpiece, and I see that my list ends as it began, with a film that refuses its audience the reassurance of conventional narrative. Here's to fiction that isn't reassuring--here's to the innovators.

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Arkham House and Sons: Part One

I THINK the time has come to talk about Arkham House. There have been books published on it, lots of discussion about it, and even some hand-wringing and general criticism, and you might think that just about everything that can be said about it has been, but I think not. History is always worthy of another, fresh look, particularly when new information is available and there is an added few years of perspective, and certainly Arkham House is the most important imprint in this limited field from a number of angles. How important is it? Even *The Wall Street Journal* is preparing (or might have published by now) a feature article on it. Now, be warned—the one thing I'm not going to do in this column is an extensive bibliography such as the ones usually done when covering publishers here. There is one, and it will appear in the *Index to the SF Publishers*, but it's certainly redundant for our purposes, as Arkham itself has published its data up until the late Sixties and we've since had a university press book bring it into the late seventies.

We covered in these pages how Bill Crawford was the father of the tradition we're talking about and Conrad Rupert was at least godfather to it, and I think I've carefully explained why this is so in spite of a host of prior unique imprints. Just as the self-publishing industry of the 18th and 19th century, the vanity presses and the amateur press associations, were what made operations like Visionary Publishing Company possible, so, too, do those two men lead directly to the foundation of Arkham House. So important is Arkham that all past is prologue; it is the rock and the anchor of this whole field.

It is interesting that H.P. Lovecraft also looms large in all this. He encouraged Rupert's *Fantasy Book* and got him material; he provided more material for Crawford and had Crawford publish his first hardcover book, the one Lovecraft book it's actually possible to have autographed copies of in a collection. Lovecraft's death proved just as powerful an influence as Lovecraft alive.

Basics of the Legend

Everybody in this field knows the basics of the story. August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, two writers who were strongly influenced by Lovecraft's active association, feared that most if not all of their mentor's work would suffer the fate of most pulp and be lost to future generations simply because there was no one and no mechanism to keep Lovecraft's work actively alive as often must be done. The initial idea was to compile a book of the "essential" Lovecraft—that is, those stories that showed him at his best and needed to survive—and market it to a commercial hardcover publisher. Derleth in particular was better known as a mainstream author than as a fantasy/SF author at

that time and very much welcome in literary high society, so he saw no real problem with this. There was, however, a major one.

The commercial publishers were quick to dismiss the idea of doing even a modest collection by a mere pulp hack, and a dead one at that, and when Derleth and Wandrei compounded the problem by offering a manuscript the size of a medium city's telephone directory it just was out of the question. When it had gone the rounds again and again, and it became clear that there was no way *The Outsider* and *Others* was going to be published commercially, the two were in some despair. They had certainly not counted on outright rejection; they had optimistically signed a contract with Lovecraft's heir, his aunt, Annie E. Phillips Gamwell, for this "best of" book, with discussions about later books for the secondary material. There was also open and enthusiastic discussion about eventually publishing a volume of Lovecraft's letters.

Derleth remembered that they were trying to think of what to do when his eyes hit on his copy of *Dawn of Flame*, which Rupert had published on behalf of Weinbaum's friends in Milwaukee for exactly the same reasons Derleth and Wandrei desired to publish their Lovecraft. He then recalled Crawford's *Shadow Over Innsmouth* and what he'd thought when first seeing the rather crudely produced volume ("I could do a better job than that!"), and things just came together. He and Wandrei would publish the books themselves.

An Expensive Venture

It was a real shocker, though, when they discovered just how much it would cost to produce *The Outsider* and *Others*. Derleth wanted it done locally so he could oversee all phases of production, and that meant the George Banta printing corporation in nearby Menasha, at that time a small and personable operation and not the giant it is today. Banta was more than willing to do it, but, frankly, they knew the odds and the problems and simply weren't going to publish a book on credit for an operation that was intended to be limited. Wandrei had little money and Derleth had just sunk much of his into building a house he called Place of Hawks, which was just barely finished and still mortgaged. Swallowing hard, he took out a second mortgage on the new place for \$1200 and handed the money over to Banta. In 1938, \$1200 was one hell of a lot of money and a lot more than most free lance writers were getting no matter how nice the literary society.

The name was obvious (Wandrei came up with it in a short conversation where the subject of self-publication was first raised) and with a printer and the means to print, it became necessary to do design the book and get the money



back. Virgil Finlay, perhaps the top illustrator of his day, was commissioned to do the jacket and did a stunner; they decided to print it with the blue color exactly like the original drawing, adding further to the expense. Now they marketed it in the only place they could think of to do so—quarter and half-page ads in a number of magazines, most particularly *Weird Tales*, as well as every fanzine that had the most remote Lovecraft connection. The price was \$3.00 pre-publication, \$5.00 after publication, a huge amount for a book in those times. The fact is, considering the materials, the care, and the sheer size of the volume it was probably underpriced in commercial terms, but they still met enormous price resistance. In all, they sold about a hundred copies pre-publication this way and it cost them half that for the ads. Minus postage, packaging, and labor, they were selling the books at cost.

Today, the book is a legend among both fantasy lovers and bookmen and a prized collector's item, and it might astonish people to discover that *The Outsider* and *Others* sold so slowly that labor wasn't even a factor. Aside from the Finlay jacket, there was little in the book that Lovecraft's fans didn't already have in back issues of *Weird Tales*, and it was priced far too high to be taken in any volume by mail order book dealers or by the vast majority of Depression-era young people who made up the natural audience. The New York publishers had been right; it simply was too huge a project and too expensive for its audience.

Out of Necessity...

By 1941, Arkham House had sold barely a quarter of the books' 1268 copy run, and the cartons were not only of considerable bulk at Place of Hawks, but there was still that second mortgage. Derleth had never thought of or intended Arkham House to do anything more than the Lovecraft books, but he had to do something to amortize the debt and he decided to publish a collection of his own fantasy stories rather than sending them off to his New York publishers and see if he could make more of a profit that way. At least now he had the names and addresses of the book dealers and rich libraries and a small list of fantasy collectors.

The second book, *Someone in the Dark*, was smaller in format and ambition but none the less a pretty large volume, priced at twice the going rate for a standard hardcover book—\$2.00.

He made a standing offer to those who'd bought the **Outsider** that any copies ordered direct from him could be autographed, even personally autographed, and many were. He also was able to obtain reviews of the book in New York, which guaranteed a wider audience. The book broke even in only a few months, and was a complete success. While he was selling out and making good money on his own book, **The Outsider** and **Others** continued its plodding couple of copies a month. This came at a time after Derleth had gone to New York to take an editorial job and nearly went nuts just living and being away from his beloved Wisconsin prairie. He'd come home, and now this seemed an ideal side business.

Arkham House became a real publisher, although cautiously. The fact was, the whole thing just seemed to creep up on Derleth. In 1942, he published a large collection of Clark Ashton Smith's best short stories, **Out of Space and Time**. It arrived when the economy still had a vestige left of normalcy, and collectors hadn't yet been drafted in large numbers. Even at \$3.00, the Smith, too, sold quite well. Wandrei had just completed the editorial and design work on **Beyond the Wall of Sleep** and turned it in when he was drafted, and Derleth bought out his share of Arkham House. Derleth, too, had been called, but in spite of being a huge man and noted outdoorsman he'd been declared 4-F, physically unfit, mostly because of a tendency to develop painful hernias, an affliction he suffered most of his life. Derleth told me that even so, he was lucky to be called early, when they were still being choosy. He suspected that if he hadn't been called until 1944 they would have taken him anyway.

The profits from the second and third books he was able to put into financing **Beyond the Wall of Sleep**, and Banta did him a big favor by using some of the last of their Winnebago Eggshell paper stock. From this point on, paper was rationed, and the good stuff was gone for the duration. Still, Banta kept scavenging good rolls of paper for him and it wasn't really until 1945 that any Arkham House books really suffered from a shortage of materials.

Wartime Boom

Nor, astonishingly, did they for customers. Derleth was one of the few bedrocks of the field who remained where he was and had the kind of address anybody could remember—just Arkham House, Sauk city, Wisconsin. His largest audience, however, was libraries, institutions that got a lot better funded during the war and became essential to the book business. Most astonishing was the very rapid sale of **Beyond the Wall of Sleep** while **The Outsider** still continued to plod along. Libraries and collectors with stateside jobs bought the book in a wartime boom economy, but, most interesting, while there wasn't a war market for Lovecraft's familiar material, **Sleep** showed a fascination with almost everything Lovecraftian, the more esoteric the better.

One of Derleth's old bosses in New York called him to discuss doing an abridged version of **The Outsider** in a cheap commercial hardcover and in an

armed services paperback edition, and Derleth readily agreed, doing an introduction and selecting stories he felt most representative. I have always had visions of men in uniform in Europe and the Pacific sitting in their foxholes, bullets whizzing about, reading **The Dunwich Horror** and **The Shadow Over Innsmouth**.

This book, **World's Best Supernatural Stories of H.P. Lovecraft**, is important in a number of ways. First, it was the first mass distribution of Lovecraft by commercial publishers and tremendously widened Lovecraft's audience while cementing his name and work in minds of a generation raised on pulp. Second, was the first time August Derleth had been faced with subsidiary rights sales from Arkham House. The contract was comparatively lucrative and allowed him to expand his line without fear of bankruptcy or overextension. Subsidiary rights clauses now appeared from this point on in Arkham House contracts. With this money and the wartime market, Derleth was able to plan and produce four books in 1944 and four more in 1945. One of the first was **Marginalia**, a collection of Lovecraftian leftovers—material Wandrei, who was then slogging through France with Patton, had rejected from **Beyond the Wall of Sleep** and which even included some of Lovecraft's writings from when he was a child. The brisk sale of **Sleep** had not been lost on Derleth, whose mind was now very much commercially directed. Everything was wonderful, and if it wasn't for one minor fact it would be perfect.

Derleth, you see, didn't own the subsidiary rights to any Lovecraft he published, and had no contract at all for the material in **Marginalia**. The Gamewell line was gone, and he saw no reason to look for which minor and remote Lovecraft relative might legally have those rights. Knowing Derleth as well as I did, I suspect that it never entered his mind that he did not have the right to do this at the time, and when nobody blew the whistle he simply became the self-proclaimed "literary executor" of Lovecraft's estate. He was so convincing at this that even some of Lovecraft's distant relations and all of his friends believed it. I sure did, too. It wasn't, in fact, until L. Sprague deCamp unearthed this fact while researching his biography of Lovecraft—after Derleth was dead—that it was shown to be the case. The heir deCamp turned up was some remote cousin with little connection to HPL and none to fantasy or books. Still, when he published that information, there was a large hue and cry about Derleth being "immoral" and even "crooked" and all the rest.

Was Derleth a Con Man?

The problem for the historian is that this is not clear-cut in historical, as opposed to legal terms. The question of legal ownership of copyrights is only worth raising if these copyrights are worth anything. I submit, without Derleth, the odds are damned good that Lovecraft would be far more minor than he is and the bulk of his work not in print at all. He would not be translated into a hundred tongues and be taught at

colleges and universities today. More, we would not have Arkham House today, of that I feel certain. The same Arkham House that took the HPL sub rights money produced the first books by Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, and Ray Bradbury, got them into libraries and gave them major critical notice. HPL's marginalia-type works, many of which do contain fascinating material, would never have seen the light of day and would have been lost. And the works of writers like Henry S. Whitehead might have been lost to wartime paper drives.

Lovecraft was and is a pivotal figure in early 20th Century American fantasy, not merely for what he wrote, and for those writers his works inspired, but also because of his tremendous editorial work, his active encouragement and promotion of new talent. Leiber, Bloch, Kutner, and many more were his products. Nobody really disputes this today. HPL is studied, and even his letters and fan writings are of real interest, but he's known primarily because of Derleth, who created a publishing house to keep his alive, and then a mystique and even cult promotion that kept him up front all the way.

Without the subsidiary rights money and the foundation money that HPL brought in, it's doubtful that Arkham could have flown, and certain that it would have been at best a book a year company. I feel certain that Derleth would have paid royalties willingly if he'd known whom to contact, but that he simply couldn't afford to lose 100% of the subsidiary rights payments at that critical period, and after that the enterprise just fed on itself. What's what I mean by a gray area. What he did was illegal, and perhaps even morally wrong, but if he had not done it Arkham could not have expanded and thrived, and we would not have editions of Whitehead, the new writers of the time, and much Lovecraftiana, nor would HPL have the recognition he gets today. Today's horror writing generation (and the public that buys it) owes much to Derleth. And, of course, what he did can't be undone. Best, I think, to wag a naughty finger at the act, and then gratefully appreciate the fruits of it.

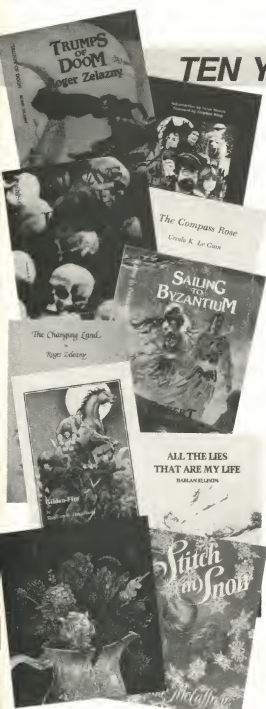
Was he a con man? Sure. Did he do it for the money? Sure. But that money went into developing new writers and rescuing the old and in building fantasy and horror into institutions. By the time the war ended, he owned Lovecraft as far as the world was concerned and used Lovecraft as the rock of his growing ambitions as editor and publisher and simply couldn't afford to rock the boat. This was the grandest con game he pulled in pursuit of his vision, but hardly the only one.

Lovecraft Resurrections

As Lovecraft's "literary executor," Derleth of himself almost synonymous with his old mentor by raising Lovecraft from the dead. The first of these resurrections was **The Lurker at the Threshold**, a novel (actually a novel-ette) by "H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth." In point of fact, Lovecraft's contribution was a one paragraph de-

Continued on page 48.

TEN YEARS OF UNDERWOOD-MILLER:



In Part One ("Romance With Vance," *FR* #92, pages 36-37, 42), Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller described the beginnings of their successful partnership, based on a mutual enthusiasm for the works of Jack Vance. That enthusiasm was shared by enough fans to provide a solid basis for a small press, and so the Vance volumes continue to come regularly from U-M. In this installment, the publishers conclude their listing of Vance editions, and describe their gradual expansion into other ventures.

By Tim Underwood & Chuck Miller

LYONESSE 11: The Green Pearl was published in our tenth year. It is a worthy match to the first volume in content and design. Our edition appeared a full year before the trade paperback was scheduled -- a unique situation for a specialty publisher.

A series of happy coincidences allowed us to publish two more books of a favorite Vance milieu--The Dying Earth. David Hartwell, then editor of Timescape Books, enjoined Vance to return twice to The Dying Earth setting--a wonder-filled fantasy world of the 20 Millionth Century, wherein any moment the feeble red sun may flicker and go out. *Cugel's Saga* combines the two previous stories "The Seventeen Virgins" and "Bagful of Dreams" with newly written material for the further adventures of that rascal Cugel the Clever.

It was about this time Vance acquired a word processor. His entire body of work before this, some 50 novels and story collections, had been handwritten in a multitude of variously colored inks, abounding with decorations and doodles as unique as the man's writing. These pages were then deciphered and laboriously re-typed into manuscript form by Jack's wife, Norma (who some have suspected as their secret author!). Then this second draft would be entirely re-written by Jack, and again retyped before being submitted for publication. Not infrequently there have been three and four complete revisions.

With his new machine Vance found he was able to reduce these various stages of production and write faster and more efficiently. The consistent high quality of his work continued and he leaped right into Cugel's story where he had left off almost fifteen years before.

The following book was also set in the Dying Earth--*Rhialto the Marvellous*. We published this novel in our "Brandywine" series, and it is among my favorites, of the eighty-odd titles we have produced. Stephen E. Fabian gave us his very best work, with eighteen full-page interior illustrations and one of the finest color wraparound dust jackets he has ever created.

ONE of our earliest efforts to promote the work of Jack Vance was *Fantassms: A Jack Vance Bibliography*. We had produced a small Vance checklist which was given away with the signed edition of *Big Planet* as a premium. Daniel J.H. Levaek expanded this and developed a unique, highly readable and entertaining formula for what was to become our Bibliography series. The book was illustrated, at great effort and expense, with cover reproductions of every one of Vance's first editions, and with numerous foreign editions, American reprints and magazine covers. The production work on these bibliographies is prodigious, to say nothing of the vast research and collation involved with each volume. The result is a monument to the authors' career, superior to anything, in or out of the science fiction field. Their editor and supervisor, Dan Levaek, deserves a Hugo Award for his exemplary work and dedication on *Fantassms* and the three subsequent volumes on Philip K. Dick, Roger Zelazny and L. Sprague de Camp.

We have produced a second edition of the Vance bibliography for

some time in the future. Dan Levaek has been accumulating information, updating his data on overseas editions, and filling in the gaps which exist.

The work of Philip K. Dick has long been a personal favorite of Tim Underwood. After we sold our relatively small edition of *Fantassms*, Dan Levaek contacted Dick and through his cooperation was able to secure an almost complete bibliography of published and unpublished works. Delay followed delay on this book, which in addition to 200 cover reproductions, contained delightfully succinct annotations by Steve Godersky. At last the book was published and one of my greatest satisfactions is that Phil Dick received the finished book several months before his untimely death, and called us to express his overwhelming thanks and appreciation. PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography was passed over for review by the major trade journals, *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal*, despite our strongest efforts to see it reviewed.

The fan market, however, took our efforts to heart. PKD received wide critical acclaim across the board. The book sold rapidly in softcover, through a first and second printing. "Outstanding in both production and design," said *Locus*. The special edition signed by Phil Dick surely remains a treasure in any collector's library. And our trade hardcover edition is at last at the point of selling out at this writing; less than twenty copies remain.

Encouraged by the success of PKD, we launched our Bibliography series by persuading Dan Levaek to undertake the labor of several more books on our behalf. He joined forces with Charlotte Laughlin to work on the massive L. Sprague de Camp Bibliography. Charlotte and Dan visited the de Camps and unearthed information unavailable elsewhere. Dan spent many long hours pouring through the works and records of Roger Zelazny to achieve the same exacting results. Dan also established a world-wide network of Science Fiction collectors who aid him in his research.

Ambler Dreams: A Roger Zelazny Bibliography and De Camp: A L. Sprague de Camp Bibliography were the first fruits of labor on the parts of those who researched and wrote the work, and the annotations, and who tracked down and photographed the cover art. The reception by the fan reviewers at the time was rather blasé. Why were these miracles of bookmaking accepted as everyday occurrences? I am still bewildered. Few could possibly guess what a momentous achievement these books represent for authors, fans, collectors and librarians. They are invaluable tools of reference and fact and were tiny price for the time involved in their creation, each volume would have to cost in excess of a hundred dollars. Despite our greatest efforts we could not get these books reviewed for the audience for which they were intended: *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal* did not even list the books. Copies, therefore, remain

Part 2: From Vance to Various Ventures

available, selling slowly.

Tim, more than I, has always felt a personal commitment to poetry. A publishing maxim says it is unprofitable to produce and this we have proven three times. Our first poetry volume was our second book: **Always Comes Evening** by Robert E. Howard. A stunning array of art illustrated the book, but there are any number of factors which contributed to its failure as a product of commerce. The art is not pretty and did not appeal to a wide number of fans. Caught up in numbers on a piece of paper and seeking to lower our unit costs, we printed too many copies. It was 1977 and the bloom was off the rose, as far as the works of Robert E. Howard were concerned. Yet we've learned innumerable lessons from this book. And it was a pleasure to work with such a gentleman as Glenn Lord on this title.

To **Spin Is Miracle Cat** is our second volume of verse, and Roger Zelazny's third poetry collection. I've always enjoyed the foreword by Ursula K. LeGuin. A slim book, attractive and well-made, copies remain available. The book was reviewed in **Publishers Weekly** and sold in limited number to the libraries who consistently buy poetry.

Some years later we were at it again with **Leeson Park And Belsize Square**, an original collection of verse by Peter Straub. The poems were written early in his career, during his stay in England and Ireland. The book was well-reviewed in **Publishers Weekly** and sold to those hundred libraries which seek to maintain a selection of published poetries. We haven't quite learned our lesson, as we have another volume of Straub's verse planned, which we'll publish as soon as we can figure out how to break even on works of love.

We began publishing Roger Zelazny with a slim chapbook "The Bells of Shoredan." The cover stock is of expensive Strathmore paper leftover from the **Crystal of a Hundred Dreams** portfolio. We were determined not to waste any of this beautiful stuff, and in fact we used the last tail ends of this as a bookmark signed by the artist, Stephen E. Fabian, and given away as a premium with **Morricone**.

A small edition of Zelazny's personal favorite, **For a Breath I Tarry** followed in softcover and hardcover, an attractive book and now quite scarce. We then published the first hardcover edition of Dilvish, the hero returned from Hell: **The Changing Land**. It had a lovely cover drawn by Thomas Canty, who seems suited for Zelazny's work. The book was attractive and well-designed, and it sold fairly well for us.

We followed these with a series of limited edition hardcovers, which, although expensive to produce, sold quickly and earned out in record time. The **Last Defender of Camelot** was a collection of Zelazny's short stories, a good sized book with nice art by Alicia Austin. The art was printed directly onto the cloth, eliminating the dust jacket. **Eye of Cat** was done in a

similar style with concession made to the small print run. The cover art again printed onto cream-colored cloth. This is one of our most attractive books, and there is nothing about it which would change. **Dilvish**, The **Damned** is collection of the Dilvish short stories which are personal favorites of mine. Thomas Canty illustrated the cover and again I feel this is among the most elegantly beautiful books we've published. This time we opted for both art onto the cloth of the cover and a two-color jacket on unusual paper stock.

In our tenth year we published **Trumps of Doom** in a signed, slipcased edition. The novel, the first in the new Amber series, contains an original Amber vignette not available in any other edition. The color wraparound dust jacket by Ned Dameron is stunning. It's a simply beautiful book, and for now, copies remain available.

"Nebogipfel at the End of Time" is a small (very small) chapbook we published in honor of Richard A. Lupoff being Guest of Honor at Westerncon in 1979. This was a strategy of ours at that time: publishing small booklets of the work of the guest of honor at various conventions: "Green Magic," "Bells of Shoredan," and the booklet version of "The Last Defender of Camelot" were done with this in mind. The small edition sold out in good time, but they were so expensive to produce, requiring as much time to assemble as a hardcover book, that we decline to publish these any more—with sincere regrets as I've always enjoyed our chapbooks and felt they were among our nicest work.

All the **Lies That Are My Life** is Harlan Ellison's short, semi-autobiographical novel and we were proud to publish it as a book. I've always considered this book to be Harlan's personal gift to us, a nod of approval, if you will, for being square guys. The book is entirely his own making, from artist choice (his Los Angeles friend Kent Bash) to afterwords by his friends in the SF field. We designed the physical aspects and it remains among my favorites. The small edition sold quickly and has in my mind become a magical book, beautiful and rare.

Robert Silverberg's short novel of the immense world of Majipoor, **The Desert of Stolen Dreams**, was a major success for us. The book was well-reviewed in **Publishers Weekly** and **Library Journal** and quickly sold out its good-sized first printing. A second printing was ordered, and the book continued to sell at a good clip. It was a very important book which opened up new areas of distribution and provided a wealth of experience. I have always been thankful to Bob Silverberg for the opportunity to do the book.

Our second book by Silverberg, a short novel **Sailing to Byzantium**, came to Tim as part of an odd coincidence. As we had hoped **Sailing to Byzantium** was received as well as **The Desert of Stolen Dreams** had been. The Ned Dameron color wraparound jacket



Gilden-Fire was a short novel cut from the original draft of Stephen R. Donaldson's **The Illearth War** for reasons of continuity. New work by this popular author is readily received and the book sold quickly for us. The numerous, attractive illustrations are by Fabian.

Elquest--The Novel was a smooth, effortless production. We had long held an interest in the comic series, **Elquest**, and once proposed the format later used by another publisher to collect the comics into single volumes. The large edition sold quickly and provided us and Wendy and Richard Pini a much needed windfall.

In 1982 we worked most closely with Jeff Levin of Pendragon Graphics. For some years he had been typesetting many of our titles and now he took the reins and saw a book through from start to finish. **The Compass Rose** was our first opportunity to work with Ursula K. LeGuin and to fulfill Jeff's long-standing commitment to her work.

Jeff Levin also worked closely in all stages of production on the limited signed edition of **Floating Dragon**. He admired the work of Leo and Diane Dillon, and so we commissioned them to do the color wraparound dust jacket. This art later won an award from the Society of Illustrators. It was fun working with Peter Straub, a good fellow and a professional in every sense. Three copies of this book were later used in two species of snakeskin, with snakeskin slipcases—the most beautiful and outrageous books I've ever seen!

We worked with Peter again in our tenth year, publishing **Blue Rose** in a small, slipcased edition, signed by the author. This chilling story sold out quickly. It's always a pleasure to work with a gentleman such as Peter Straub.

We first met Peter and his friend Stephen King at the Sixth World Fantasy Convention which Tim and I put on in Baltimore in 1980; they were both gracious and accommodating. Our reason for sponsoring the convention was straightforward from the beginning: to thrust the work of Jack Vance, our Guest of Honor, into the limelight. The work was enormous. Many old time friends came to our aid and the response we received from those who attended the convention was heartwarming. The convention was a great success, but it took six months of valuable production time away from Underwood-Miller.

One book did come forth: **The Book of the Sixth World Fantasy Convention**. This is a lavish program

International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts Marshall B. Tymn, President

[Association members are invited to send items for publication in this column to Marshall Tymn, IAFA President, 721 Cornell, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.]

IAFA Annual Scholarship & Graduate Student Support Service

The International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts is pleased to announce two new support services for graduate students in the fantasy and science fiction fields. The first is an Annual Scholarship which will be used to help defray expenses for a graduate student attending the conference. To qualify for the stipend a student must have a paper accepted for presentation at the IAFA annual conference; the paper must be judged by the IAFA Student-Support Committee as the best of those submitted.

The second service is a Recommendation Support Service which will help IAFA graduate student members find jobs. These recommendations will take the form of group evaluations reflecting the comments of those professionals who can evaluate students' background and professional activities.

For further information on the IAFA Annual Scholarship and Recommendation Support Service, write to Dr. Roger C. Schlobin, Chair, IAFA Student-Support Committee, Purdue University--North Central Campus, Westville, IN 45391.

Conference Proceedings Volumes

Dr. Donald E. Morse, editor for *The Fantastic in Modern Literature and the Arts: Selected Essays from the Fifth International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts* (Boca Raton, 1984), has announced the table of contents for this conference proceedings volume, which will be published by Greenwood Press in 1987:

I. THEORY AND GAMES:

"From Providence to Terror: The Supernatural in Gothic Fantasy," by Robert P. Geary;

"A lesson in Xenolinguistics: Congruence, Empathy and Computers in Joan Vinge's *Eyes of Amber*," by Greg Shreve;

"Continuing with the Past: Mythic Time in Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*," by John A. Calabrese;

"Remembering the Past: Gene Wolfe's *Day of the New Sun*," by Peter Malekin;

"The Ultimate Fantasy: Astrid Lindgren's *The Brothers Lionheart*," by Clara Juncker.

II. INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

"Irony in My Garden: Generative Presses in Borges's 'Garden of Forking Paths,'" by Ralph Yarow;

"What Went Wrong with Alice?," by Beverly Lyon Clark;

"The Figure of the Decadent Artist in Poe, Baudelaire and Swinburne," by Roger C. Lewis;

"Elements of the Fantastic in 'La Granja Blanca' by Clemente Palma," by Nancy M. Kasov;

"The Play-within-the-Play: A Study of Madness in Hubert Aquin's *Neige Noire*," by V. Harger-Grinling and A.R. Chadwick;

"The Fantastic Dwelling in Jacques Cazotte's *Le Diable Amoureux*," by Juliette Gilman;

"The Living Past: The Mexican's History Returns to Taunt Him in Two Short Stories by Carlos Fuentes," by Cynthia Duncan;

"Dissolution and Discovery in the Fantastic Fiction of Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues," by Joyce O. Lowrie.

III. TECHNIQUES, FIGURES, AND THEMES: COLLAGE, STAGE & FILM:

"Surrealist Vision: the Words and Collages of Max Ernst's *Reve d'une petite fille qui voulait entrer au Carmel*," by Charlotte Stokes;

"Dramatic Interpretations of Frankenstein: The Formative Years, 1923 to 1931," by Stephen Forry;

"The Underground Journey and the Death and Resurrection Theme in Current Fantastic Films," by Donald E. Palumbo.

Announcements

Patrick D. Murphy and Vernon Hyles are soliciting essays for a volume on the Fantastic in Drama, which they are co-editing. Please send proposals/papers to Patrick D. Murphy, English Dept., Univ. of California, Davis, CA 95616.

which reflect these themes, and to inform me of them right away.

If you reviewers will live up to these standards, I promise to act quickly to correct those problems which are the responsibility of the editor exclusively--most notoriously the matter of typos. As one critic recently wrote: "Fantasy Review remains an infuriating blend of intelligent commentary and rampant typographical error." Touche! This reader was, however, generous enough to add: "I do look forward to receiving it every month, though." As the new book review editor, I only hope I can help make everyone feel that way.

scription of an old stone tower taken from a letter; it prefaces the book, which is otherwise wholly Derleth. A "new" Lovecraft work, though, "completed by Derleth," was a sensation, and would be the first of many. Later, Derleth would first write a piece and then try and find a line or two somewhere in Lovecraft's letters or essays or old fan pieces that would fit.

The third and equally fascinating game concern *The Outsider* and *Others*. Long after Arkham House was clearly successful, copies of the original book continued to remain in the Arkham backlist, later books were already out of print and selling at premiums, but this one just wouldn't sell out. Ultimately, Derleth decided to make it a legend anyway and declared it out of print. Then, slowly, over a period of years, he "discovered" a few here, a few there, and released them through out-of-print book dealers in the midwest who knew better, but also played along because it was in their interest to do so. The higher the book's listed price in a catalog, the lower Derleth's cut. By late 1949, the year in which my evidence tells me that the last original copies were sold, the book was listing at between \$50 and \$75. By the late 1950s it was still easy to get, and listed for \$100, a price that stuck through the sixties.

The Outsider and *Others* was the last book I purchased to complete my Arkham House collection. I could have had it earlier, almost at any time, but funds were limited and copies were so absurdly easy to get there was never any pressure or urgency on me. Until it was the only gap left in my collection, it wasn't worth picking up--and when I did, it was from a book dealer who had several copies, still in their original 1939 mailing box.

So thorough is the mystique and legend of this book that it is now, at last, very difficult (but by no means impossible) to find in good to excellent condition. It's still hardly as difficult as *The Dark Chateau* or *Always Comes Evening*, for example, which are nearly impossible. It is, in fact, far easier to find than *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*. But it's sure got that mystique.

Next time we'll look at the importance of Arkham House to the field today, and at Arkham After August.

--Jack L. Chalker

Editorial Notes

Continued from page 19.

ly, reviewers like Jessica Amanda Salmonson will send us unsolicited reviews of titles which we would otherwise never have heard of--"mainstream" crossover books, usually--and believe me we are grateful. You see, it is the ultimate goal of FR to provide the widest critical comprehension of the incredible variety of the "fantastic" in contemporary literature, from Ace Books to Space and Time to Grove Press. To this end, I therefore ask all reviewers to be alert for small press and specialty books

Underwood-Miller

Continued from previous page.

book, bound in cloth and filled with major artwork, stories by our guests, photos of past conventions and one of Tim's wonderful collages of old fantasy book covers reproduced as endsheets. The book was fun in the making, and there is nothing in it I would change even if I could.

To Be Concluded Next Month

"Wonderfully written with verve and vitality. *Stitch in Snow* is an enchanting tale certain to delight all McCaffrey fans and bring her countless new ones." —Jennifer Wilde

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Author of *Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern* and *The White Dragon*



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"McCaffrey displays a deft hand with romance. It is refreshing to have a hero and heroine in their 40s and still full of passion and humor."

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—*Affaire de Coeur*

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MAGAZINES

ANALOG

October fiction features: "Murder to Go," a novella by P.M. FERGUSON; novelettes: "Windrider," ERIC VINICOFF; "An Alternative to Salt," COLIN KAPP; "Deadline," GREGORY KUSNICK; short stories: "The Frequency of the Signals," FRANCIS CARTIER; "To Fit the Crime," JOSEPH H. DELANEY.

ASIMOV'S

October fiction features "Spice Pogrom," a novella by CONNIE WILLIS with cover art by WAYNE BARLOWE, and includes "Trading Post," a novelette by NEAL BARRETT JR. and four short stories: KATE WILHELM'S "The Girl Who Fell into the Sky;" "The Mind's Construction" by ISAAC ASIMOV; "Challenger as Viewed from the Westervell Bar" by LUCIUS SHEPARD; "Cabracan" by LEWIS SHINER.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION

Cover story for October is "The Boy Who Plaited Manes" by NANCY SPRINGER, cover art by BARCLAY SHAW. Additional fiction includes novelettes: "Ultimate Weapon," REGINALD BRETNOR; "The Arcevoalo," LUCIUS SHEPARD; "Fill It with Regular," MICHAEL SHEA; short stories: "Our Resident Djinn," JAMES TIPTREE JR.; "Thorn," ROBERT HOLDSTOCK; "Saucer," FREDERIK POHL; and "The Fellow Traveler" by JOHN BRUNNER.

OMNI

Scheduled for October: "The End of the Whole Mess," STEPHEN KING; "Kingdom Come," BRUCE MC ALLISTER (tentative); "Pig Thieves on Ptolemy: A Tale of the Tricentennial," LEO G. DAUGHERTY (tentative).

Paperbacks

Continued from page 39.

kill a king, is carefully watched by a second assassin sent by a mysterious source.

Agents of Insight by STEVEN KLAPER (0-812-54308-4, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]). In a devastated world, where international spies are psionically endowed, two agents must track down a powerful enemy that preys on the mind.

GhostTrain by STEPHEN LAWS (0-812-52100-5, \$3.95). Mark Davies, haunted by nightmares and voices, is compelled to return to the train station where something is trying free itself from the Ghost-Train.

Night Show by RICHARD LAYMON (0-812-52106-4, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]) Dani Larson, a horror-movie, special effects artist, now starring in her own movie, is stalked by a madman.

Forbidden Objects by MAGGIE DAVIS (0-812-51687-7, \$3.50, [\$4.50 Can.]). Elizabeth "Frankie" Jefferson, descendant of plantation owners, accidentally raises the spirit of Lazarus, a slave with the power of obeah.

The Ghost Squad and the Halloween Conspiracy by E. W. HILLICK (0-812-56852-4, \$1.95, [\$2.50 Can.])

Reissue: **The Vampire Tapestry** by SUZY McKEE CHARNAS (0-812-53293-7, \$2.95, [\$3.95 Can.]).

VINTAGE PRESS

An August release: **After Lives** edited by PAMELA SARGENT and LAM WATSON (0-394-72986-2, \$5.95). Stories and poems concerning life after death, by: J. G. Ballard, Ursula K. LeGuin, James Blish, Harlan Ellison, Gregory Benford, and others.

Trade Books

Continued from page 40.

POSEIDON PRESS

The Inhuman Condition by CLIVE BARKER (August 1, 1986, \$12.95 hardcover, no ISBN number given, previously published as **Clive Barker's Books of Blood: Vol. IV** in England by Sphere).

A collection of five novelettes of supernatural horror set in the contemporary world.

TOR BOOKS

[49 West 24 St., New York, NY 10010]

Ghost by PIERS ANTHONY (September 15, 1986, 0-312-93272-3, \$14.95 hardcover).

Captain Shetland, exploring the void beyond the edge of the universe (for a solution to Earth's energy problem), finds instead... ghosts -- ghosts of planets, stars, and a galaxy-sized black hole, leading to a ghost universe containing the raw stuff of the universe.

Magic In Ithkar #3 edited by ANDRE NORTON and ROBERT ADAMS (October 1986, 0-812-54734-9, \$6.95, [\$8.95 Can.], trade paper.).

A collection of stories set in the magical world of the Ithkar Fair; by: Gareth Bloodwine, A. C. Crispin, Gene De Weese, Morgan Llywelyn, and others.

Conan the Raider by LEONARD CARPENTER (October 1986, 0-812-54256-8, \$6.95, [\$8.95 Can.], trade paper cover, by BORIS VALLEJO).

Conan joins a gang of tomb-robbers in the desert-land of Mesopotamia, where he is enslaved, and then condemned to death in the Court Games.

VIKING/PENGUIN

[40 West 23 St., New York, NY 10010]

The Penguin Encyclopedia of Horror and the Supernatural edited by JACK SULLIVAN (July 28, 1986, \$29.95 hardcover, no ISBN number given).

A comprehensive guide to field of horror and the supernatural; contains fifty essays, six hundred entries, and three hundred illustrations. Contributors include: T.E.D. Klein, Ramsey Campbell, Julia Briggs, Everett Bleiler, Robert Hadji, Kim Newman, Timothy Sullivan, Michael Dirba, Thomas M. Disch, Ron Goulart, Whitley Strieber, Colin Wilson, and others.

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Brian Lumley's **Hero of Dreams**: \$7.50, paper; \$21, hc; \$35, signed, numbered; add \$1.25 p&h. Coming: **Ship of Dreams, The Compleat Crow**, others. Catalog, FREE copy, **Fantasy Mongers Quarterly**, 225 C. Paul Ganley, Box 149, Buffalo, NY 14226.

Dead in the West--horror-western thriller by Joe R. Lansdale; \$6.95. Ask your bookdealer, or order from: Space and Time, 138 W. 70th St. (4B), New York NY 10023-4432 (add \$1 for shipping; NY residents add sales tax). Free brochure!

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